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MAY 25, 1979

MARGARET
& MY DARLING —see page 698

NATIONAL REVIEW

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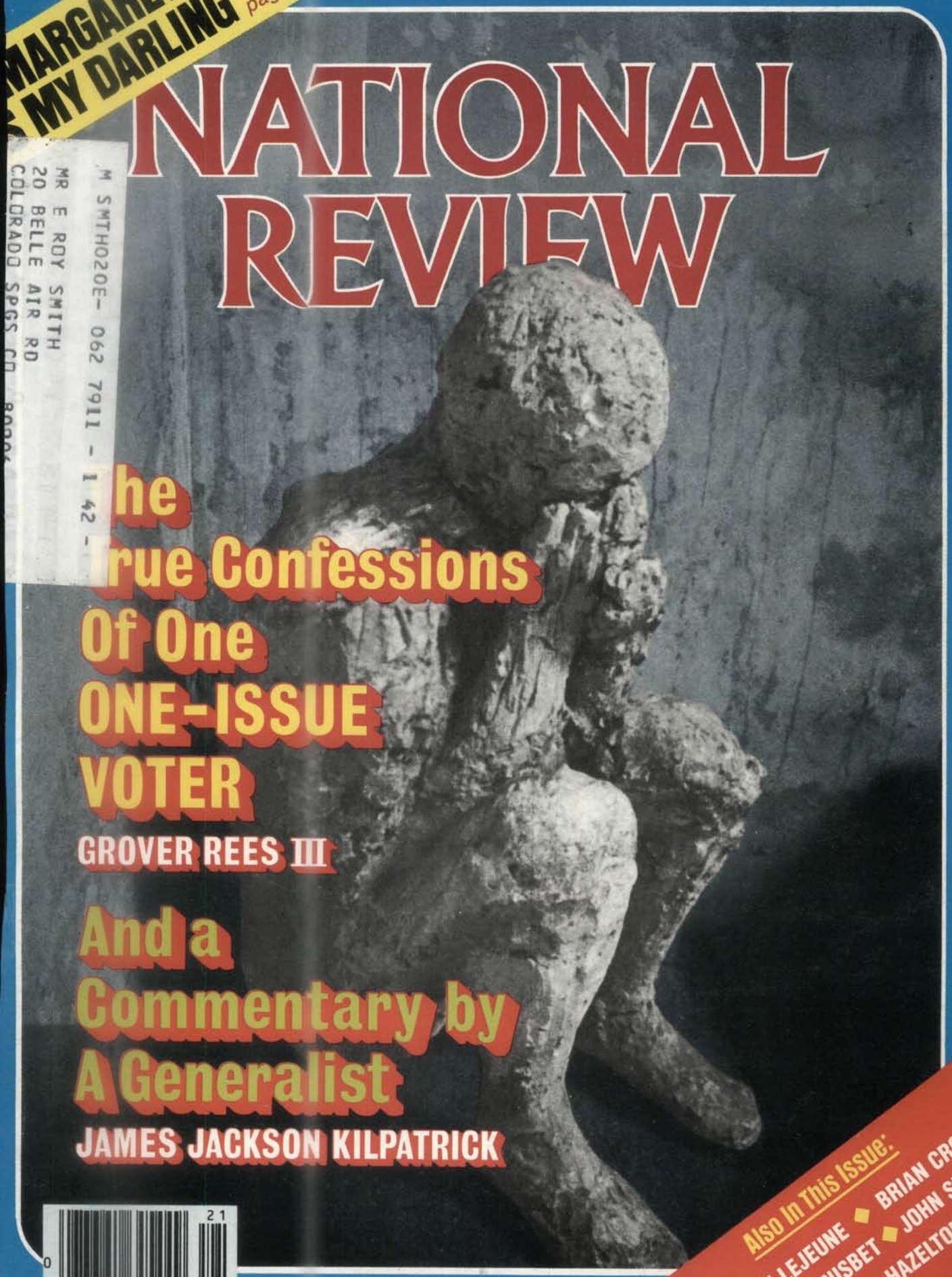

he rue Confessions Of One ONE-ISSUE VOTER

GROVER REES III

And a Commentary by A Generalist

JAMES JACKSON KILPATRICK

Also In This Issue:

ANTHONY LEJEUNE ◆ BRIAN CROZIER
ROBERT NISBET ◆ JOHN SIMON
NIKA HAZELTON

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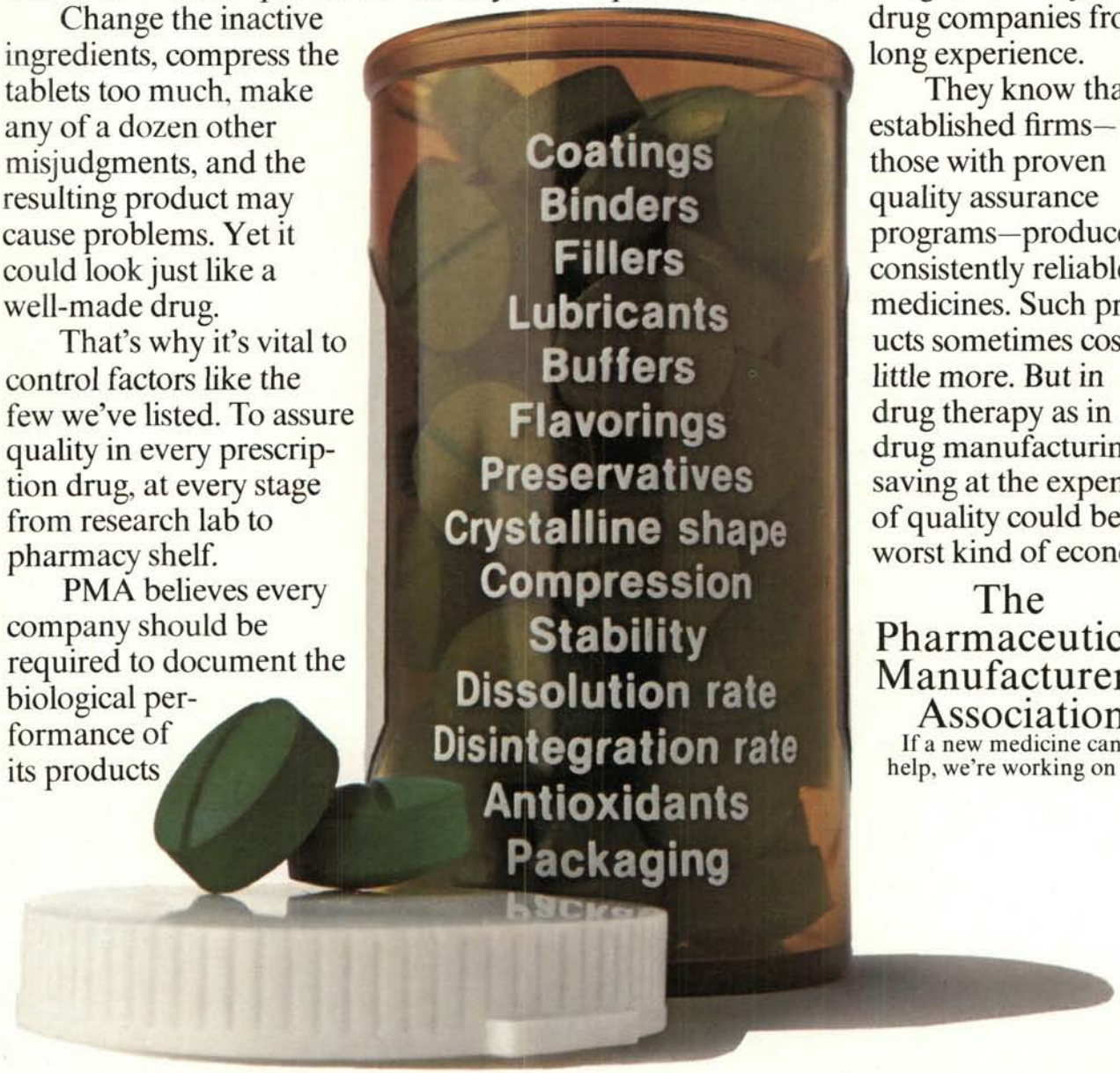
They know that established firms—those with proven quality assurance programs—produce consistently reliable medicines. Such products sometimes cost a little more. But in drug therapy as in drug manufacturing, a saving at the expense of quality could be the worst kind of economy.



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Letters

Fear and Loathing

I applaud your effort to assess Three Mile Island, to criticize even the utility and the Nuclear Regulatory Commission where they deserve it, and still to conclude that we can safely utilize nuclear power in the United States ["Is This What They Want?" May 11].

But I wonder if William Tucker's optimism is justified. Because it is not, in my view, "impossible" to abandon nuclear power now. It would be an economic disaster, yes. It would mean brownouts, yes. But I wonder how direct the connection is in the public mind between nuclear power and these events. As Mr. Tucker admits, the public is barraged with assurances that suitable alternative sources of energy exist: coal, petroleum (abundant even if expensive), and, of course, the sun, the moon, and the stars. More, nuclear power is associated directly with cancer deaths. Few Americans fear anything more than cancer. As nuclear opponents sound this dual theme of 1) unreal hope and 2) extreme fear, the political prospects for nuclear power will be damaged, no matter how necessary some people believe it to be.

Michael DiAngelo
Brooklyn, N.Y.

Peace and Freedom

Brian Crozier states ["Power and National Sovereignty," Feb. 2] that the American Friends Service Committee is "affiliated with the major Soviet-backed international front mentioned above, the World Peace Council." Mr. Crozier's article is as inaccurate on that point as it is possible to be. The AFSC is not and never has been affiliated with the World Peace Council. For your information, the AFSC is an independent Quaker organization working for peace, human justice and equality, and the overcoming of discrimination and repression. It operates on the Quaker and Christian basis of belief in the dignity and value of all human beings and of the desirability of acting in nonviolence and love.

John A. Sullivan
Associate Executive Secretary, AFSC
Philadelphia, Pa.

Mr. John A. Sullivan says the American Friends Service Committee is not and never has been affiliated with the World Peace Council. Perhaps the AFSC would have been less hypocritical if it had been, in view of its close association with that body on various issues, for example on the Mobilization for Survival, and during the Vietnam War. Am I mistaken in believing that the AFSC repeatedly denounced the United States as "the major obstacle to a peaceful settlement of the war"—which of course North Vietnam resumed when the U.S. had withdrawn? Am I wrong in saying that in 1972 the AFSC published a pamphlet, Nonviolence: Not First for Export, *which justified violent revolution by Communist-backed "national liberation movements"? If not, then the AFSC's definition of "Quaker and Christian belief" is curiously unconvincing to anyone brought up in the Christian faith.*
—BC

Taxes and Credits

Russell Kirk's concern for freedom of choice in education ["More Freedom per Dollar," April 13] is, as always, well placed. But the plans he writes about have a number of flaws.

Both the voucher plan and the Tuition Advance Fund involve the government directly in financing education in private schools. As night follows day, government control follows government financing. What we should be looking for is a system under which people can pay for their own education with their own money, not with loans or vouchers from the government.

The best plan seems to be a tuition tax credit. Under such a program, people would spend money on education and then have that amount deducted from their tax bill. The money would never pass through the government's hands, and the government would have no right to control the recipients of such private funds.

The most far-reaching tax credit program was proposed last fall by Libertarian gubernatorial candidate Ed Clark in California and is now an initiative supported by the National Taxpayers Union in California. Under this program, a taxpayer could get a tax credit if he paid the educational expenses of *any* child at a private school, whether his own child, a relative, or any other student. This would make the benefits of the tax credit program available to people who would not otherwise receive them, especially minority students, while preserving the independence of the private schools.

I know Mr. Kirk strongly objects to government control of private schools; unfortunately, programs like TAF and the voucher plan would lead inexorably to such control.

David D. Boaz
Vienna, Va.

(Continues on page 652)

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NATIONAL REVIEW

MAY 25, 19
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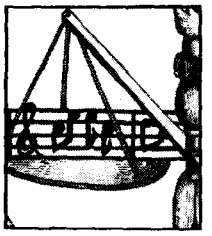

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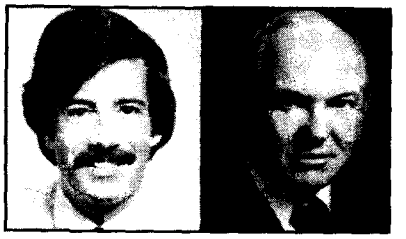

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ARTICLES & COLUMNS

668 **Namibia's UN Affliction**
The international peace-keeping body has, as usual, flipped out over a warmongering outfit. *Brian Crozier*

669 **The True Confession of One One-Issue Voter**
I. It is fashionable to deplore one-issue politics, especially when the one issue isn't Vietnam or civil rights. When it's abortion, the talk is of disreputable obsessions, unbefitting a polity of plural concerns. But sometimes one issue can reflect not particular interests but the premises of the polity itself. Like slavery, commercialized killing can't be put on a par with other issues; and if that is what abortion is, a voter should put it squarely atop his agenda. *Grover Rees III*

II. What is under discussion is not theology, morals, or medicine, but a constitutional amendment and government funding of abortion. Conservatism has always held that only the most compelling state intrusions against personal privacy and freedom are to be tolerated. Whether the Supreme Court should have been the agent of change in abortion law, its reasoning is consonant with conservative principles. And any one-issue politics may mean the end of the two-party system. *James Jackson Kilpatrick*

681 **Mandate for Change**
Thatcher is in. The worst has been averted. Now the question is whether taxes can be cut, incentive restored, productivity increased. Some sore losers will try to see to it that none of this happens, and they have inertia on their side. *Anthony Lejeune*

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684 **Up to Liberalism**
In *Confessions of a Conservative*, Garry Wills explains how St. Augustine led him to Lillian Hellman. *M. J. Sobran*

687 **The Bad Boy of Bloomington**
R. Emmett Tyrrell's *Public Nuisances* brings riotous invective to the scrutiny of Galbraith, Hellman, Vidal, Flynt, Friedan, Carter, Nixon, Kennedy . . . *Robert Nisbet*

688 **Even-Stefan**
A little Russian humor? Are you kidding? Nope. Try Yuri Krotkov's *The Red Monarch: Scenes from the Life of Stalin.* *D. Keith Mano*

690 **Hokum of Yore**
The Champ is even worse than the original. But anyone who tries to remake *Fedora* will be hard put to worsen it. *John Simon*

691 **Long Live Fair Oriana**
The Triumphes of Oriana, revived by New York's Vox Humana, proves the Elizabethans could sing as eloquently as they spoke. *Richard Brookhiser*

692 **California Sweet**
The Four Seasons restaurant lately gave a huge and fitting bash in honor of the Golden State's wines. *Nika Hazelton*

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Get your hand off my knee.
You're overdrawn.
Your horse won.
Yes.
No.
You have the account.
Walk.
Don't walk.
Mother's dead.
Basic events
require simple language.
Idiosyncratically euphuistic
eccentricities are the
promulgators of
triturable obfuscation.
What did you do last night?
Enter into a meaningful
romantic involvement
or
fall in love?
What did you have for
breakfast this morning?
The upper part of a hog's
hind leg with two oval
bodies encased in a shell
laid by a female bird
or
ham and eggs?
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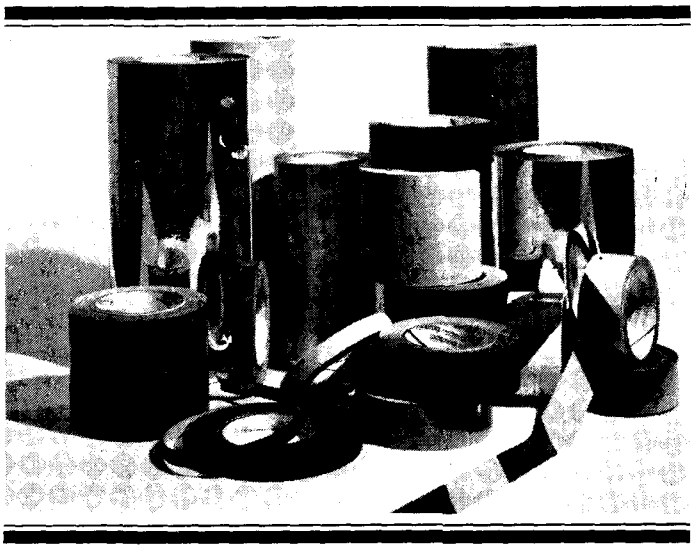

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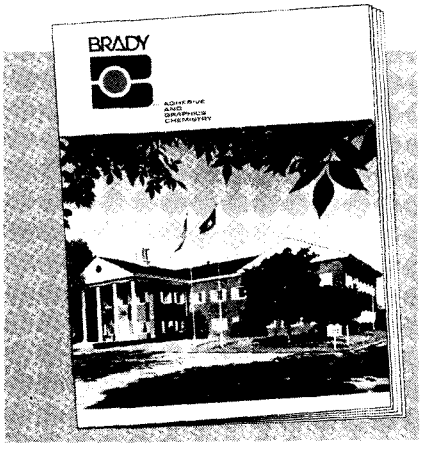

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LETTERS

(Continued from page 649)

Crazy Labor

What primarily disturbs me in Mr. Ros article ["The Swarmy Life and Times the NCLC," March 30] is that, despite First Amendment, the FBI is investigat not only the criminal acts but also political beliefs of an organization. Wh the government publicly studies the pol cal opinions of a private group engag in fund-raising and efforts at persuasic and then proclaims them to be too radic the resultant chill and disorientation on hurt us as citizens. The First Amendme is not limited to popularly accepted co duct.

Nick Levinsc
Brooklyn, N.

Many thanks for the article by Gregory I Rose on the U.S. Labor Party. I think would be only fair, however, to point ou that the Order of Saint John shares wit *NR*, the Rockefellers, the CIA, and th FBI the ill-intentioned ministrations c this peculiar group. According to thes people, we are a "one-thousand-year-ol [conspiracy having] control over world fi nance." We are also accused of being "th most powerful financial conspiracy i world history." Surely we deserve to stan with you and be counted.

John W. de Batember
Order of St. Joh
Houston, Tex

Health Heaven?

Messrs. MacLeod and Coxe have done a great service by pointing a finger at the bleaker aspects of that Northern Nirvana Canadian Medicare ["Rx for U.S.A.?" April 13]. Longer waiting lists for appoint ments and hospitalization are only part o the problem. Medicare is no longer ever "free," since Canadian Medicare agencie surreptitiously demand more and mor out-of-pocket contributions for prolonge hospitalization.

So far, the politicians refrain from in troducing balanced billing (i.e., the "de terrent" fee), for this would mean elec toral suicide. One provincial governmen went down to defeat after allowing a de terrent fee of one (repeat, one) dollar pe office visit. As to the "drop-out" rat among MDs, politicians have tried coer cion—i.e., not allowing the doctor t "drop out" of the compulsory governmen health scheme, and applying this law retroactively whenever government feel that the drop-out rate is too high (Bill 84 Quebec). Canadian physicians therefor have the doubtful privilege of being con scripted into lifelong indentured service a government rates, 34 years after militar conscription ended in Canada. Shades o 1984 in 1979?

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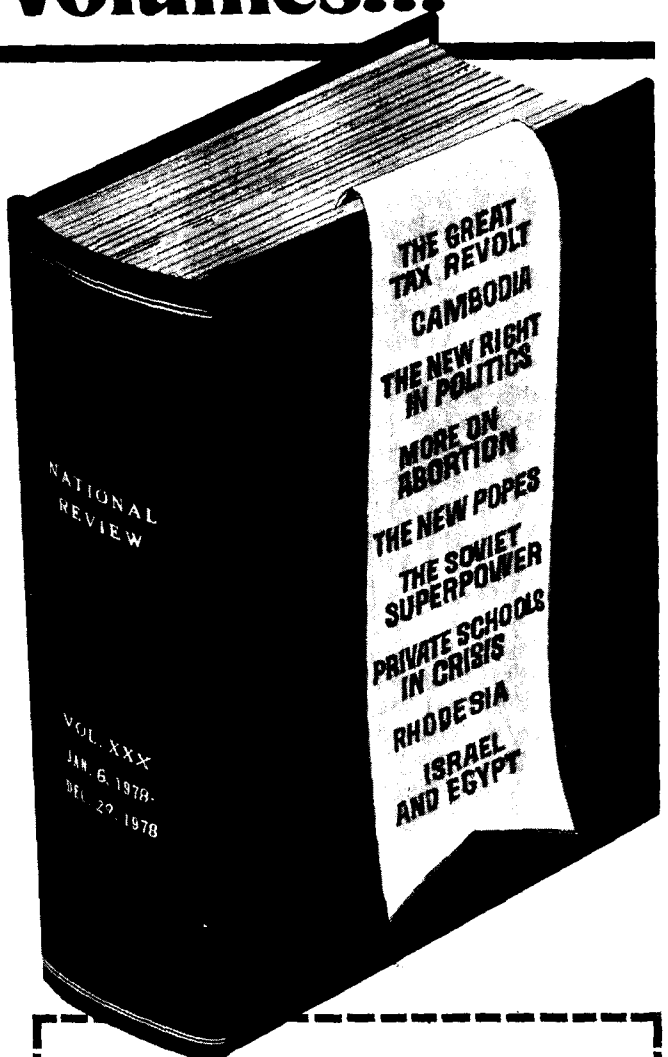

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People of good will and sound judgment should ponder carefully whether Canadian-style Medicare is indeed the ideal health-care approach for Americans. The benefits might be negligible in comparison with the costs, both monetary and human.

Emile Berger
Montreal, Que.

I enjoyed the article by Messrs. MacLeod and Coxe as much as I deplore Senator Kennedy's determination to establish a national health insurance plan in the United States. However, I think they err in blaming the legal profession, at which I earn my daily bread, for inflating the cost of health care with "huge damage awards against doctors."

1. While the contingent-fee agreements may provide incentive to lawyers to handle medical malpractice cases, the agreements themselves do not increase a plaintiff's award. Damages are based upon the injury to the plaintiff, and not on his attorney's fees. Juries and judges are guided by the law in awarding damages and are not at liberty to pump up an award because they like the way counsel combs his hair.

2. Messrs. MacLeod and Coxe approve of having judges rather than juries hear malpractice cases on the grounds that judges are "unimpressed by pyrotechnics." I disagree that juries are composed of gullible suckers who can't recognize a fast pitch when they see one. Most of us, for example, are happy to trust juries to decide criminal cases even where capital punishment is possible.

3. Not all medical malpractice suits frivolous. Some are even compelling. California, a state which Messrs. M Leod and Coxe single out for its malp tice awards, we have a statute which hibits a plaintiff from bringing suit aga a doctor before his attorney consults at least one physician who certifies the case has merit. No other professi group, including lawyers, enjoys the p ilege of having complaints against it viewed by a member of the profession a frivolous suit nonetheless slips past initial review, the plaintiff must still pr his case in court. If, after all of this judgment against the doctor issues, result is not the lawyers' fault alone; i time for the doctor, whose negligent began the whole mess, to accept at le some of the responsibility.

Christopher Lar
El Centro, Ca

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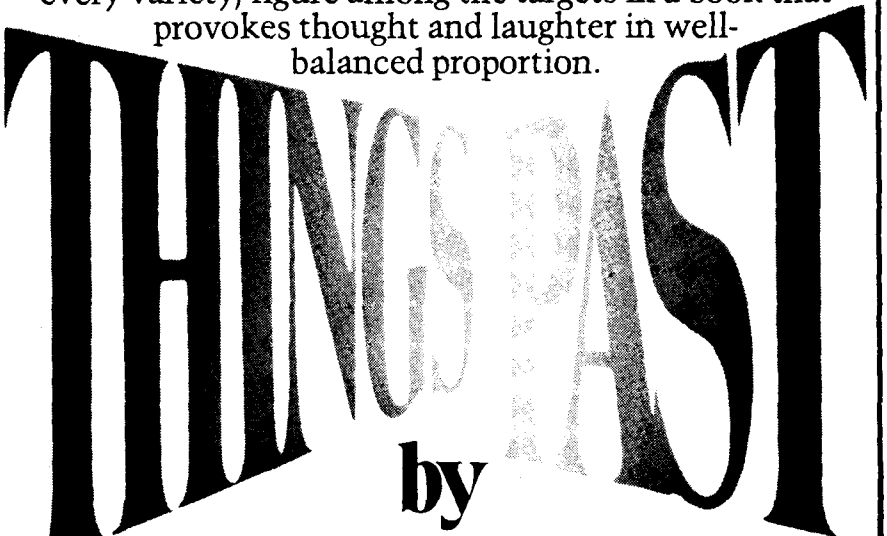

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* Kirkus Reviews

Kudos

I thoroughly enjoyed Robert Elegant's a ticle on the China-U.S. development [" It Worth the Price We Paid?" March i I didn't really do much research befo making an opinion on the situation. I ju felt that, since China has been our enen and Taiwan our ally, President Carter w making a terrible mistake and the U. was flirting with danger. After readi Mr. Elegant's enlightening article, I ha a better insight into all the possible ran fications of normalized relations wi China.

Robert C. Swar
Mishawaka, In

No Satisfaction

I am not sure, but I intuit that Dale Vr probably has had more responses like M Brookhiser's ["Berlinguer into the Breach April 13] than words of praise. Mr. Vr is absolutely right, however ["Up wi Eurocommunism?" Feb. 16]. If the Rig is not going to lose by default, it mu rise up from the tenets of classical liber thought, which merely encourage succes ful (in monetary terms) folk to vie working men and women as nothing mo than a bothersome production cost. I a not sure what makes certain conservativ so defensive about the idea that our eco omy should provide greater security. I some cases it seems to be a Tory temper ment, in the worst sense of that ter i.e., a contempt for working-class peop rooted in the belief that the lower class are meant to be lower because of inhere deficiencies or a Divine Plan. At oth times it seems simply to be a reluctance desert the hard-debated positions of one youth—you know, YAF types refusing a point of honor to consider that the le wing kids on campus might not have be completely off the wall.

In any case, I hope Mr. Vree will

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allowed to go on exploring American politics from the point of view of the insights of the European Right. I know I have found his column a breath of fresh air in a NATIONAL REVIEW that is becoming distressingly less vibrant. Perhaps the loss of verve is more a result of the overall calmer political climate (it was easier to tilt against Abbie Hoffman than the current dull crop of leftist ideologues, no?) than of a failure of the magazine, but it is nevertheless a felt dissatisfaction.

James K. Fitzpatrick
Mahopac, N.Y.

Fantasia

Conway Rucks's "Separate but Equal" [April 13] is more reminiscent of Jules Verne than Mark Twain. Verne's fantasies had the propensity for coming true. Cries of "Wolf!"? Remember the times of Carry Nation and Prohibition? That was not a law or an executive order; it was a constitutional amendment banning the sale and consumption of liquor. It too was the product of a well-intentioned band of reformers. Don't worry, Mr. Rucks. We won't give up without a fight.

Richard R. Miller
Director of Media Relations
The Tobacco Institute
Washington, D.C.

For the Record

Regarding the editorial "A Study in Propaganda" ["The Week," March 30], the mayor of Gary, Indiana is Richard G. Hatcher, not Richard G. Hawkins. If the *New York Times* wanted to show the results of liberal programs such as the minimum wage, it should have printed a picture of the burnt-out, abandoned buildings of downtown Gary.

Roland E. Camp
Hammond, Ind.

Tax Loophole

If the IRS decrees that gifts to certain schools may no longer be deducted for tax purposes, we need not abandon these schools, as the IRS would have us do ["The Week," March 16]. We can continue to give reduced sums to these schools, at no greater net cost than if the contemplated gift had been made and deducted for tax purposes.

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Verner Z. Reed
Palm Beach, Fla.

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FOR THE RECORD

■ Last week it was Sen. **Robert Dole**'s turn to plunge into Republican presidential sweepstakes. Dole, **Jerry Ford**'s vice presidential running-mate in 1976, says he's going to run an upbeat, good-guy campaign this time. There was only room for one nice guy in the Rose Garden in 1976, explains Dole, "so I was given the briar patch assignment." . . . What does Dole think of his rivals? **Connally** "wins the talent show"; **John Anderson** "may be the brightest of the lot"; **Reagan**'s "the front-runner"; **Bush** (here comes the old Dole) "peaked before the ink had dried." . . . This and witticisms of a kind (after six months in the field Bush still gets only 1, 2, 3 per cent of the vote) seem not to upset Bush, who says what he's working at is "becoming everybody's second choice." Bush has raised a $600,000 kitty and, with signing on of **Charles Snider**, **George Wallace**'s campaign manager in two presidential campaigns, reportedly also has gotten control of Wallace's golden list of contributors. . . . Money and ideology are behind bust-up in the **Phil Crane** campaign staff last week which saw a number of Crane's top aides quit, or be fired. Crane found himself $800,000 in debt and, more serious yet, at odds with direct-mail wizard **Richard Viguerie**, the New Right leader. Among those ousted is **Arthur Finkelstein**, the **Pat Caddell** of the Right, who masterminded the smashing re-election campaigns of White-House-targeted Sens. **Strom Thurmond** and **Jesse Helms** last November. Finkelstein and other now-departed Crane aides apparently favored a broader-based campaign. . . . Viguerie, a Texan, suggested to *Washington Post* that Crane may not be his Number One boy after all. "I've been a long-time admirer of John Connally."

■ Some weeks **Jimmy Carter** must wish he was still back on the peanut farm in Plains. Sample headlines, week of May 7. "POLL FINDS CARTER'S RATING AS LOW AS IT HAS EVER BEEN." Carter's popularity is back where it was last August: 72 per cent of the people think he's doing a "poor" or "fair" job according to AP-NBC poll. . . . "CONGRESSMAN DISCLOSES MOVE TO DRAFT KENNEDY." Rep. **Richard Nolan** of St. Paul, a political protégé of Vice President **Mondale**, feels "terrible" about it but he's leading a nationwide move to get **Kennedy** on the ticket. . . . "CÉSAR CHAVEZ DISENCHANTED WITH PRESIDENT CARTER." **Chavez** says Carter doesn't care about farm workers. . . . "MOYNIHAN WON'T CAMPAIGN FOR CARTER" until Carter drops his opposition to **tuition tax credits** for parents sending their children to private and parochial schools. . . . "FLORIDA DEMOCRATS TO HOLD NOVEMBER PRESIDENTIAL PREFERENCE CONVENTION," a move by Kennedy supporters to embarrass Carter well ahead of **Iowa** caucus and **New Hampshire** primary. . . . "NADER SAYS TIME NEARS FOR NEW POLITICAL PARTY." **Ralph Nader** hopes to unite consumerists, anti-nukers, concerned citizens of all sorts, and radical trade unions in a new third party because the present "two-party system is bankrupt."

Cookson, *London Evening News* Rothco

■ Sen. **Abraham Ribicoff** (D., Conn.) became fourth senator to announce he won't run again (the others: **Adlai Stevenson**, also a *Democrat*, *Illinois*; Republicans **Henry Bellmon**, Oklahoma, and **Richard Schweiker**, Pennsylvania). . . . Who's interested in the job? At least four of Connecticut's five Democratic congressmen, Reps. **Christopher Dodd** (son of former Sen. **Tom Dodd**), **Toby Moffett**, **Bill Cotter**, and **Robert Giaimo**. Also mentioned, on GOP side, former Sen. **James L. Buckley**. . . . In California, nuclear scientist **Edward Teller** reportedly is sounding out political pros about his chances in a race against Democratic Sen. **Alan Cranston**. . . . Also very interested in that race, Rep. **John Rousselot**, who has quietly dropped his membership in **John Birch Society**. . . . In Maryland, the liberal *Alan Baron Report* suggests conservative Rep. **Bob Bauman** (former ACU chairman) might be able to upset liberal Republican Sen. **Charles Mathias** in a primary next year. . . . And there's talk that John Anderson may drop his stalled presidential drive and run for Senate instead.

■ "Ain't She Sweet" is hardly what comes first to mind watching **Shana Alexander** have at **James Jackson Kilpatrick** on *60 Minutes*, but composer **Milton Ager**, who died last week, age 85, wrote the song to celebrate the birth of his first child, Shana.

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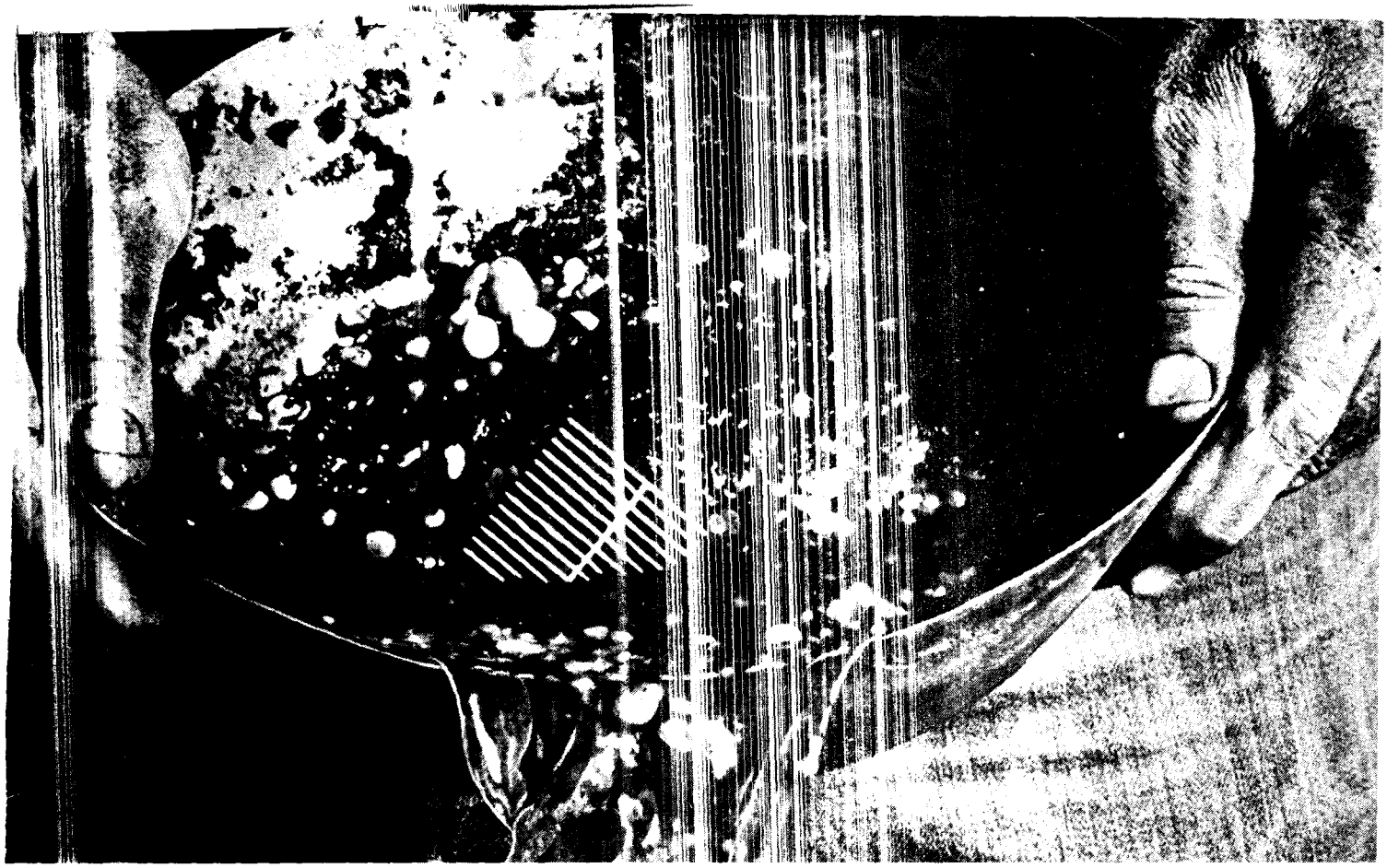

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THE WEEK

■ Government regulators are having an awful time defining, for legal and tax purposes, people who shack up. California officials came up with URAW (for *Unrelated Adult Women*), having presumably rejected CALIFs (*Consenting Adults Living in Jin*) and Californicators, and never mind Unrelated Adult Men. The Feds, as usual, screwed it up by creating POSSLQ, or Persons of Opposite Sex Sharing Living Quarters, which could refer to married couples as well as unmarried, or newborn twins, or just about anybody.

■ Nothing seems to help. Californians, low on gas, couldn't be bothered to drive out to see their visiting President. Jerry Brown was way ahead of him in exploiting the gas shortage. Democratic regulars were dreaming Kennedy dreams. ADA types were grumbling. Ah, but there were the Mexican-Americans, who warmly supported Mr. Carter in 1976: surely he could count on *them*. So he spent the night with a Hispanic family and promised to protect the "basic human rights" of everyone in the country, "no matter how they may have gotten here." Alas, he woke up the next morning to find a full-page ad in the *Los Angeles Times*, signed by Hispanic and labor leaders, denouncing his failure to keep his campaign promises. Mr. Carter returned to Washington with the illegal-alien vote in his pocket.

■ A bad idea whose time has gone is the Davis-Bacon Act, according to the General Accounting Office (GAO). Davis-Bacon, passed in 1931, requires contractors to pay locally "prevailing"—in practice, union—wage rates and fringe benefits to workers on all federal construction projects. The GAO estimates the inflated wage and administration costs amount to $715 million annually. And since local contractors often cannot afford to pay union wage rates, says the GAO, construction work goes to outside contractors, denying jobs to local workers. Davis-Bacon opponents in Congress hope to attach a repeal provision onto various authorization bills, since both House and Senate Labor Committees refuse to sponsor hearings.

■ Whereas Local 333 of the United Marine Division of the International Longshoreman's Association went on strike April 1; and whereas the tugboats, barges, and tankers which haul New York City's garbage to Staten Island landfills have been idle; and whereas five hundred sanitation men have been pulled from their normal jobs in order to move the refuse by truck; and whereas the city obtained a court order directing the union to go back to work, which the union ignored; and whereas, though garbage pickups are mostly on schedule, the city streets have not been cleaned since March 31; the President of the United States has *resolved* . . . to turn the garbage hauling over to the Coast Guard for the duration. A surprise happy ending, seeing as the traditional response to the demands of New York City unions is a cringing paralysis. The union will keep negotiating, of course, but without the satisfaction of having eight million people by the jugular. Whoever Carter listened to (the cleaning woman?) should get a raise. Andrew Young would have called the strikers saints, and Califano would have declared garbage carcinogenic, and banned it.

■ The first overthrow by unconstitutional coup d'état of the government of an English-speaking country in the Caribbean occurred in little Grenada (pop. 110,000, area 133 sq. mi.) on March 13. The overthrow of the flamboyant longtime Prime Minister, Sir Eric Gairy, was engineered by Maurice Bishop, whose New Jewel movement has repeatedly failed in open elections—which, not surprisingly, he charges were fixed. Not one to give up, Bishop found a way while Gairy was in New York. Despite early reports of pro-Marxist leanings, the U.S. has patiently waited to observe. Now *Newsweek* reports Washington suspects two Cubans may have been involved in training and financing the makers of the coup, perhaps operating from Guyana. Washington is said to be in a dither, because it had been operating on the basis of assurances from Cuba that it positively wouldn't do that sort of thing. It does shake one too; after all, what can one believe? And it's not just Grenada that needs to be watched. The Sandinistas are stepping up the war in Nicaragua. Jamaica's socialist regime (under Prime Minister Manley since 1972) plunged into a negative 2 per cent growth rate in 1978 and is struggling with riots against a gasoline tax designed to help fill the gap. The Manley regime is steadily taking over all the information media, and only the old reliable *Daily Gleaner* remains, supported by wide public subscription. Perhaps

Joe Caligula

He's "into" integration, as
North Carolina knows;
He's death on smoking, pushing this
With tax-supported prose;
Most recently he bleeds for girls
Who like a little drink.
Before he starts restricting sex,
He ought to see a shrink.

W. H. von Dreele

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LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

The recent wave of campaign reform legislation has succeeded in removing the big buck from national politics. That was the intention and that has been the result, a rare bullseye for the federal blunderbuss. The big giver, the man who in past campaigns might have popped for seven figures, is a thing of the past. It was no accident, comrade, that these fellows tended to be disproportionately Republican.

As with all federal regulation, however, one must display some patience in the interval between the dropping of the two shoes. That patience has now been rewarded. It is unmistakably clear that the big giver has been replaced by the direct-mail giver and by the PAC (political action committee) giver. These men and women—there is no sexism in the age of the small giver—tend to be disproportionately conservative. (One wonders how much legislative success campaign reform would have enjoyed had it sailed under the rhetorical banner, "The National Political Action Committee Preservation Act" or "The Richard Viguerie Relief Act.") With the stream of FEC data now confirming the conservative bias of small contributions, we sense an historic opportunity to further campaign reform. . . .

With politics now a regulated industry, it has become virtually impossible to run a truly national campaign. There is simply not enough money available to an insurgent candidate. Funds must be held in reserve, against the moment when they can be spent tactically in a swing state. One of the popular economies in the current political season is to cut headquarters expenses to the bone. For the first time in memory, headquarters are being established in the boondocks rather than in downtown Washington. Connally, Crane, and Bush have set up shop in northern Virginia, while Reagan has established his principal offices in southern California. In each case, the high cost of central-city rental space was a major factor. The only candidate who can afford a fancy downtown address is Jimmy Carter, who can use the power of incumbency to fuel his campaign. . . .

You may have noticed the spate of stories on Jimmy Carter's new speechwriter. Along with presidential backhands and hairstyles, such reports pass for big news here; the principal export of the Washington market, after all, is words, and the chief White House wordsmith holds a lofty hierarchical position. In this particular case, however, there was additional motivation for the White House item-planters. The defection of former speechwriter James Fallows has been a serious psychological setback for the Carter inner circle. Unlike the Georgians, Fallows was a fair-haired boy of what's left of the Establishment. He had been to Oxford on a Rhodes, and he had worked for Ralph Nader in one of his less daffy schemes. Fallows was also well-received by the fancy media. There was more than a suspicion that he did more leaking than speechwriting, all of which cemented his position as the *apertura a sinistra* for the Carter White House.

If Carter's standing in the polls had been more bullish, the Fallows defection would have been greeted with a quiet chorus of "good riddance" from his erstwhile colleagues. Given the political realities, however, Fallows appeared to be getting out while the getting was good. And his endless piece in *The Atlantic* on the "passionless Presidency" seemed to co-opt the high ground: he was leaving more in disappointment than in spite. That supercilious attitude was too much for the Georgians, who responded immediately by leaking stories to the effect that Fallows had never worked closely with the President, had no idea what was going on, hadn't really worked out as a speechwriter in the first place, and so on. When the media greeted these reports with the amused contempt they deserved, the White House crowd proceeded to phase two—puffing the new man as more gifted (and, not incidentally, more radical) than Fallows had ever been. . . .

While we're on the subject, we want to award a small silver star to the White House gagwriters. At the annual White House Correspondents Association dinner last month, they had the President describe Jerry Brown's candidacy as "California's way of celebrating the International Year of the Child." . . .

We have reported here previously on the hard times at the *Washington Star*. Time, Inc.'s battle with the *Washington Post* has thus far resembled the Liston-Ali fight. In the interest of balance, however, we feel obliged to pass along the news that the *Star* is negotiating to buy its old building on Pennsylvania Avenue, just down the street from the White House. In the 1950s, the *Star* moved to its plant in then-dominant, southeast Washington, a location that was virtually in the suburbs, far from the political and cultural life of the city. The paper's fortunes fell sharply, as the morning *Post* captured lost readers and advertisers. The move back to the core of the city may be no more than symbolic, but it could also be the beginning of a turnaround for the *Star*.

—CATO

Andrew Young could use his influence with Cuba to encourage Castro to concentrate his stabilizing efforts in Africa, while we promise not to mention "linkage" to SALT.

■ Castro is not sending soldiers to Africa out of simple revolutionary goodwill. Anti-Castro Cubans and anti-government rebels in Angola and Mozambique have been insisting for over a year that the Cuban humanitarian has been accepting conscripted African laborers as a *quid pro quo* from his clients. In February 1978, President Agostinho Neto of Angola referred in a speech to the "revolutionary education" of war orphans in Cuba. Jonas Savimbi, head of the Angolan rebel group UNITA, charged in April 1978 that the re-educated Angolans were not orphans at all, but children abducted from tribesmen. Refugee fishermen told the anti-Castro "Voice of Cuba" organization in November that seven hundred blacks had been shipped into Cienfuegos. Anti-Frelimo sources in Mozambique are said to have reported a batch of 1,200 teenagers flown out of Maputo on March 21. The new Africa-Cuba traffic would not be unprecedented in the history of the world labor market, and would serve two purposes: to train a cadre of reliable natives

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for the current rulers of Angola and Mozambique; and to help tend the cane fields, in the absence of the 45,000 soldiers and technicians Castro has sent abroad. No comment as yet from the apostles of normalization at the State Department.

■ "BUDDHISM IN LAOS ADAPTS TO COMMUNIST TENETS," reads the headline in the *Washington Post*. Not, of course, "Communism in Laos Adapts to Buddhist Tenets," for that is not the way the world works in the twentieth century; and the twentieth century is getting along quite well in Laos. "We still praise Buddha," says C. Thepkhamvong, new director of the Buddhist Institute for the training of monks, "but we understand now that Buddha is a great man, just like Lenin, just like Marx. Before we said everyone has to be born again. Now we say when you die you become earth. One goes back to the resources." Pha Maha Khamtan, the new patriarch of Laos—his predecessor fled to Thailand to avoid "medical treatment" in the Soviet Union—still believes in the holiness of Buddha, but favors "the new government because I can see that under this system our people follow the faith better." And the faith follows Pha Maha Khamtan, and all is right with the world—even though God (or Buddha) is not in His Heaven. Church of the Laodiceans, please copy.

■ A few million orgasms later, Masters and Johnson have produced another tome for us. This one is called *Homosexuality in Perspective*. The "perspective" in this case amounts to acceptance. M & J stress not only that they don't regard homosexuality as Bad, but that they do regard as Bad those who regard it as Bad. You're supposed to be *Wertfrei*, see, just like scientists.

■ Michigan has passed an ecologically enlightened law requiring a deposit on beverage containers, which is why beer prices are as much as $6 a case higher in Michigan than in neighboring states, which is why Michiganders are so often seen in Minnesota, Wisconsin, Indiana, and Ohio these days.

■ George and Phyllis Evans of Seattle are being forced by Washington law to untie the knot. Phyllis runs a liquor store and George drives a beer truck and neither wants to quit. The state maintains it's illegal for anyone with a financial interest in liquor wholesaling (George) to have an interest in liquor retailing (Phyllis), so it's either quit or split for the Evanses.

■ When questioned about Nelson Rockefeller and the 1976 ticket, Mr. Ford waxed eloquent: "I should have said, 'Damn the torpedoes, full speed ahead, Ford and Rockefeller will make a good team.' "

In an interview with the *New York Times Magazine*, comedian Woody Allen discussed the creative processes involved in his latest film, *Manhattan*. "Damn the torpedoes, full speed ahead, as I edit the film, it continues to metamorphose."

In a review of William Shawcross' *Sideshow*, John Leonard of the *New York Times* extracts the key to recent Cambodian history. "Damn the torpedoes, full speed ahead, we managed to give the Khmer Rouge a target to attack, making Pol Pot inevitable."

In an interview with reporters, Billy Carter extracts the key to his history in the hospital: "Damn the torpedoes, full speed ahead, I learned that water can be drank straight."

Rhodesia: Short Editorial

No need to waste words. The Carter Administration's policy in southern Africa is morally and politically bankrupt. With the solid victory of the Reverend Abel Muzorewa, in an election guerrillas were impotent to disrupt, and which was judged acceptable by such civil libertarians as Allard Lowenstein and Bayard Rustin, the equation has fundamentally changed.

The Carter-Young-Moose policy has been to sponsor, politically, the totalitarian guerrillas of the Patriotic Front. Endgame, gentlemen. Black Rhodesian commandos have shown that they can stroll into Patriotic Front headquarters in Zambia and shoot up the joint, the skin of Joshua Nkomo still being intact only because of his skills in personal mobility. The South Africans have kicked out Americans spying on their manufacture of atomic bombs, and, since the Rhodesian election, have extended their defense perimeter to the Zambesi. Why is Carter so afraid of the Cubans? Let them intervene. They will lose, they know it, and therefore they are unlikely to risk a direct confrontation.

The political situation has changed in England, too. Exiting Foreign Minister David Owen barely salvaged his own seat in the Labor debacle, and Owen is the British Andrew Young. It's time for Carter to chuck it. U.S. policy in southern Africa is wrong in terms of the national interest, wrong in terms of the Western interest, and wrong in simply human terms. It is also evil.

Thatcher: Shhh, Nothing Happened

"Once more the storm is howling, . . ./And for an hour I have walked and prayed/Because of the great gloom that is in my mind." Thus William Butler Yeats. And yes, a storm, a great gloom, beset the major Western media as Margaret Thatcher moved into Number Ten Downing Street with a solid 43-vote majority in the House of Commons. [See Anthony Lejeune, "Mandate for

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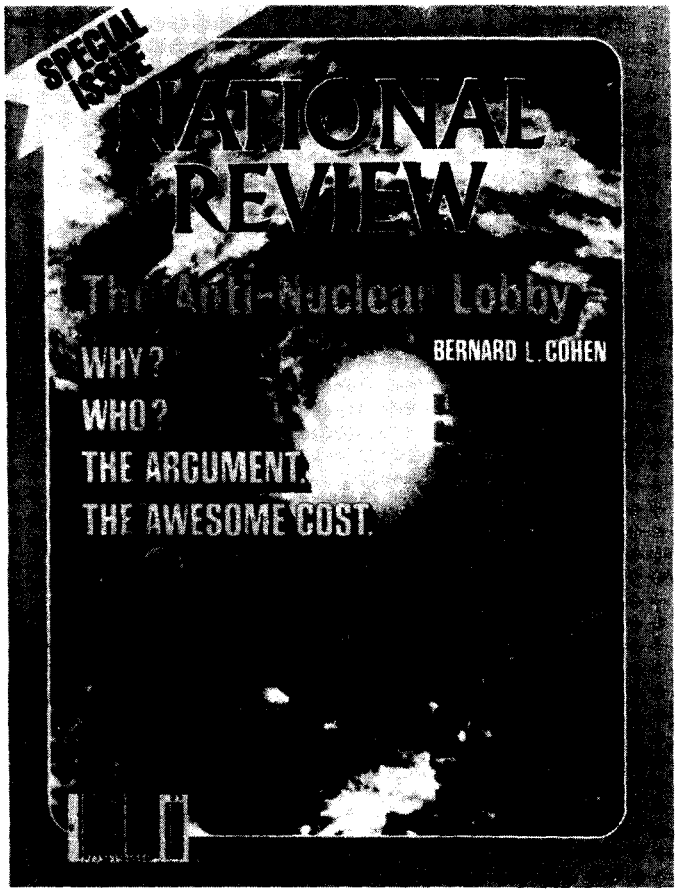

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Change," p. 681, and Wm. F. Buckley Jr., "Margaret Is My Darling," p. 698.]

Make no mistake about it, socialism in some shape or form, benign or authoritarian, is the opiate of the Western intelligentsia. The people have been disavowing the opiate, however, and for the intelligentsia, suddenly, the prospect of withdrawal symptoms is frightening. Mrs. Thatcher's victory therefore evoked a placebo: nothing, really, would change. That was the message beamed out, from the White House and from reams of commentary. There was no mandate to "dismantle" the British welfare state, there would be no "lurch," oh no, away from socialism, and no change, perish the thought, on Rhodesia.

The Carter Administration openly preferred James Callaghan and did everything but endorse him. Callaghan, they let it be known, was Jimmy's closest friend among Western leaders. The Carterites had found Mrs. Thatcher "distant" during her visit last summer. We kid you not, Callaghan and Carter have look-alike pinstripe suits with the stripes made of tiny "JC" initials—classy stuff. Callaghan wore *his* when leaving Ten Downing Street a portent, perhaps.

Anyway, the Carterites gave it out after Mrs. Thatcher's victory that no change is anticipated on British policy regarding Rhodesia, and that Andrew Young sleeps soundly despite the departure of David Owen.

The *New York Times* was equally reassuring. Though Mrs. Thatcher may sound like Reagan or Crane, it editorialized, "the responsibilities of office . . . will cause [her] to move more sowly than she talks." One pundit found comfort in the appointment of Lord Carrington as foreign secretary, hoping that Carrington, "a realist," meant continued political support for totalitarian Rhodesian guerrillas. And so it went, the whistling in the dark reaching sound-pollution decibels.

We shall see. Mrs. Thatcher's Cabinet reflects the Conservative Party generally, but no post was found for Edward Heath, and the key job of Industry Minister went to a committed anti-socialist, Sir Keith Joseph. In southern Africa, as anyone except the Carter Administration can see, the equation has drastically altered. Media reassurances may be a short-term emotional cure.

Shrinking/Growing

I. The Shrinking Private Sector

Corporate profits have been getting a lot of attention lately from the politicians and the media—but not the kind of attention they deserve. The obscenity lies in the smallness of the figure. U.S. Department of Commerce statistics show that before-tax corporate profits, with inventories and depreciation adjusted for inflation, have been steadily declining as a percentage of national income for over a decade. In 1966 profits were 13.3 per cent of national income; in 1978 they were 9.3 per cent a decline of 30 per cent. After-tax profits were only 4.4 per cent of national income in 1978, down from 6.5 per cent in 1968.

Rising inflation obviously cannot be blamed on rising profits. But it can be blamed on shrinking profits. During a period when the Federal Government has dumped over a quarter of a trillion dollars in budget deficits on the economy for the purpose of stimulating demand, the corporate sector's ability to invest to meet the demand has declined.

II. And the Growing Public Sector

Uncle Sam is now so pervasive that Harvard President Derek Bok says the business school must restructure its curriculum. Making profits for shareholders is not any longer a satisfactory goal for business managers. So Harvard must teach capitalism's future managers how to help government reform society and acquaint them with "even more novel possibilities for representing other legitimate interests within the decision-making structure of the firm."

The GAO has come out in favor of repeal of the Davis-Bacon Act, which drives up the cost of federally aided construction. Senator Orrin Hatch has introduced a bill to repeal said act, and on April 30 he announced his all-out attack on Davis-Bacon. The next day the Senate passed by unanimous consent, with no debate, a bill from the Human Resources Committee, on which Hatch sits, that extends Bacon-Davis to the construction of medical facilities. Where was Hatch?

Exchanging Russians

Gratified though everyone is by the release of five Soviet dissidents in return for two Soviet spies, the asymmetry of the transaction has understandably caused some annoyance. *Prima facie*, it does seem to equate secret spies with brave, open dissidents, and to establish a precedent. Moscow also may use this false equation to blacken the dissidents as spies for the United States.

No doubt about it, at first hearing there is about the swap a grating irritation, like the screech of chalk on a blackboard. But take it around the course once again. As far as intrinsic value is concerned, it was a steal for the Free World. Two faceless agents for five spiritually free men. If that becomes a precedent, it's our game. Moreover, we have the evidence of Sakharov's joy over the transaction.

Now turn the proposition around once again. We are accustomed to swapping spies for spies, but how could we actually swap dissidents for dissidents? Any dissident of any nationality in the U.S. is free to leave any time

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for any country, including the Soviet Union. That Americans don't do so is a telling feature of the asymmetry in the recent swap.

Any time we can get the Russians to release five of their own in return for two of their own, it is a good deal.

Return of the Wave of the Future

About seventy thousand demonstrators turned out in Washington to show their opposition to nuclear energy. It is hardly necessary to report the details here. The event had the character of a huge class reunion, with all the old commencement speakers: Jane, Tom, Jerry, Bella, and of course Ralph. One young man, 23, was quoted as saying that this was "my first demonstration like this. I wanted to come to an antiwar demonstration here, but I was only 13 or 14 and my parents wouldn't let me." He was now registering, belatedly, as an official Young Person.

If some were trying to participate in a youth they missed out on in the Sixties, others were reliving a time they long for. This was the Left's social event of the season, of many seasons. The media not only presented it as such but also so heralded it. If ever an event was bound to happen, this was it—because so many strategically placed people were determined that it should happen.

Compare this one with the anti-abortion demonstration that occurred in Washington on January 22. Then too the crowd numbered about seventy thousand people. But there were differences. No movie stars. No advance press buildup. No immediate topical stimulus. No nostalgia. No aura of fashion. No live public-television coverage provided by the shearers of taxpayers. No broad hints that they would automatically be taken seriously.

The contrast illustrates what James Burnham has called "the resonance differential." The utterances of some groups echo in the media. Those of others don't. The ideological cleavage is obvious enough. James Hitchcock has described it in terms of the media's perception of "rising" and "declining" groups—a perception that may well be a bit dated. Groups the media perceive as rising —almost always leftish—are presented as having History on their side, and they enjoy privileges of passion, aggression, verbal excess, and oversimplification that would earn groups perceived as declining the image of reactionary fanatics. The media culture, supported by elements of the public sector, have now conferred accredited Trend status on the anti-nuclear forces, authentic reactionaries.

President Scapegoat

It is hard to grade Senator Kennedy's charge that the President's proposed windfall profits tax is a mere "transparent fig leaf over the vast new profits the [oil] industry will reap." Does the Senator intend oxymoron? A *transparent* fig leaf? And does he really mean to liken profits to the kinds of things fig leaves cover? In any case, the charge moved Mr. Carter to a rare burst of eloquence: "That's just a lot of baloney."

It is a stale irony that Senator Kennedy likes to inveigh against wealth and privilege, but his shaft found its way to Mr. Carter's populist heart. The battle of 1980 has begun. The rhetorical skills of the combatants do not exactly portend a rollicking campaign, but there is drama enough in the challenge to an incumbent already gasping in the polls. The conflict intensifies with the exposure of personal passion. What Professor Paul Weaver has identified as the serial drama of media campaign coverage will surely affect the course of the struggle: each man's acts and words will henceforth come to us as gambits of rivalry, and the dynamics of the serial, which prefers narrowing gaps and upset victories to the more static scenario of settled incumbency, will make Kennedy-over-Carter seem as natural an outcome as Achilles-over-Hector.

The personalization of this phase of the 1980 race will also obscure a deeper point. Mr. Carter's real problem lies less in his own shortcomings than in what might be called his tragic situation: he has the thankless and hopeless job of making viable the traditional liberal Democratic formulae. Tax-tax and spend-spend no longer lead ineluctably to elect-elect. If Kennedy, with the aid of the media, can make Democratic failure seem the result of Carter's peculiar fecklessness, a charismatic challenger may succeed in extending his party's lease on the White House. The Kennedy theme is not that Democratic policies have failed but that Carter has failed Democratic policies. The Democrats now have no other theme to play, but their skill in winning one more chance must not be despised.

Something Fishy

One summer in a rented place.
My mother made an awful face
At—now and then—a sweetish scent;
I pressed the button labeled Vent,
But Fedders failed to work a cure
On air we came to call "impure."
I found the cause beneath the house:
A rather large, decaying mouse
I bet you Jimmy wishes he
Could fix his smell as fast as we.

W. H. von Dreele

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Failing the Intelligence Test

"There is no intelligence agency of any kind in the United States today." So concludes Senator Daniel Patrick Moynihan, of the Senate Intelligence Committee.

Neckties aside, Moynihan is not a frivolous man, and the evidence for his assertion is impressive. Over the last decade, the FBI and the CIA have been progressively eviscerated. The Hughes-Ryan amendment to the 1974 foreign aid bill requires covert operations in foreign countries to be reported to no fewer than seven congressional committees. The Foreign Intelligence Surveillance Act, passed last October, forbids warrants for the surveillance of American citizens unless the Attorney General supplies evidence of criminal activity. The result of these restrictions is low morale at home and impotence in the field. Three hundred middle- and senior-level officials of the CIA have gone into early retirement, according to the *New York Times*; while contacts at home and abroad are clamming up, for fear of exposure. "It is now the case," says Moynihan, "that on balance we indict more intelligence officers than we do spies."

The Carter Administration finally shows signs of concern. Carter wants the discussion of "covert" foreign operations to be limited to two congressional committees; and the Administration is seeking the right to conduct non-electronic surveillance of American citizens without court orders. Meanwhile the only snooping in the world will be done by Communists and reporters.

The Devil and William Shawcross

If you believe that the Cambodian incursion of 1970 is satisfactorily explained by Nixon's "madman theory of war," by Kissinger's "rage" over leaks, and by General Haig's "narrow soldier" attitude toward Vietnam, or that until the incursion Prince Sihanouk "had kept his country out of Vietnam's conflict," or that until May 3, 1970 nothing had happened in Snuol, Cambodia, except that "2,000 people had lived quietly there, tapping rubber from the trees around"—if you believe all this you will love William Shawcross' new book, *The Sideshow: Nixon, Kissinger, and the Destruction of Cambodia.* If you believe that everything that has gone wrong in Cambodia since May 3, 1970 resulted from the incursion, which Nixon and Kissinger did not clear with State, Defense, or the NSC, then you probably also believe that everything that has gone wrong in the Near East since 1948 resulted from Harry Truman's sudden recognition of Israel on the advice of Clark Clifford without consulting the Department of State.

Apparently, somebody from *Harper's* believes it all and, in testimony, has reprinted a long excerpt from Shawcross' book in the May issue. The excerpt is mainly concerned not with Cambodia but with following the spoor of the sinister three—Nixon, Kissinger, and Haig. Kissinger is quoted as saying, on the day of the incursion, "We're not interested in Cambodia. We're only interested in its not being used as a base." In a similar way, Shawcross seems less interested in Cambodia itself than in using it as a backdrop for the allegory of three devils in Washington. And so he misses the real story.

"Cambodia was not a mistake; it was a crime," says Shawcross, and so obsessed is he with the crime that he fails to notice the mistake, which was to attack the North Vietnamese too late and in the wrong place. Sihanouk did not preserve his country's neutrality; he alternately ignored and abetted its violation by a huge North Vietnamese establishment in the eastern part while providing logistics, reinforcement, and a stage for operations into Vietnam. He told visitors that Communism was the wave of the future and that by tolerating the North Vietnamese he hoped to curry a little favor or autonomy after Hanoi's inevitable victory. The war was brought to Cambodia by Hanoi, not by the U.S. If Cambodia could have been spared a war by ignoring the Vietnamese, Egypt could have been spared World War II if only the British had ignored the Germans in Libya, west of El Alamein.

The mistake was to go after the invading North Vietnamese in Cambodia in 1970 rather than in southern Laos any time after 1965, by which time it was clear that Hanoi intended to use Laos as the route of invasion. The mistake was to pretend that Laos had been neutralized by the Geneva Accords of 1962 when it was the pipeline of aggression through Cambodia and into South Vietnam just as surely as Belgium was the German pipeline to France in two world wars. This was a mistake with origins back in the early 1960s, long before Nixon and Kissinger were making policy. By 1970 it

"We've called you Nielsen viewers here to ask your opinion as to why network programming is failing to lure mass audiences during prime time."

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was very late to correct such an impacted error; but an operation to cut off aggression from North Vietnam in 1970 could have been more effective in southern Laos, which Hanoi had already detached from the rest of Laos, and where a single U.S.–South Vietnamese force might have insulated both Cambodia and South Vietnam, without the political disruption the incursion did indeed cause in Cambodia.

Shawcross quotes Kissinger's defense of the operation; "We were bombing North Vietnamese troops that had invaded Cambodia, that were killing many Americans from these sanctuaries . . . I fail to see why Cambodian neutrality should apply to only one country." The Shawcross excerpt curiously offers no rejoinder to this. He does say that the Cambodian people "were sacrificed to the interests of a strategic design. . . . The world is diminished by the experience." Perhaps so, but the diminution caused by the American incursion was small potatoes alongside the diminution suffered at the hands of Pol Pot and, now, the invaders from Hanoi. Shawcross quotes Kissinger on this point: "Not 10 per cent of the people had been killed in Cambodia [during the incursion] that had been killed in one year of Communist rule." The point seems to escape Shawcross.

First China Dissident

Chinese authorities recently arrested Wei Jing-sheng, a Chinese dissident, and charged him with "counterrevolution." Among his crimes was the writing of a wall poster describing Qin Cheng prison, a facility for important political prisoners. "All inmates are in separate cells. Their three- by nine-foot cells contain a bunk made of planks covered with thin bedding, a chamber pot, and a basin of water. There is one black uniform for the summer and one for the winter. . . .

"Irrational regulations of every sort govern the lives of the inmates. For instance, they have to sleep facing the door; to turn one's back to it is against the rules. Should you turn in your sleep, you will be awakened, and awakened repeatedly until you have learned to keep your face to the glass pane. . . .

"The most common form of torture is simple beating. You are called out and surrounded by a group of men who slug and kick until you are bruised and bloody and completely breathless."

Before his arrest, Wei edited an underground journal, *Exploration*, in which he described another prison, Virtue Forest #1. "Each person here is given two steamed or rotten dumplings a day, one to be eaten with a bowl of dirty vegetable soup. Two people share a very dirty and lousy torn sheet which has not been washed for a year. They sleep on a bare and rough floor."

Wei's arrest—his "crime" is punishable by death—is part of a broad campaign to quash free expression. Peking's version of Marxism could use a boost, if a recent test of Peking high school students is any indication. Large numbers of students, according to *The Liberation Army Daily*, could not distinguish between capitalism and socialism; and when asked what they most wanted, some answered, "Good work and high wages."

The incidents reveal, if further revelations were necessary, the essence of the regime. Students give puzzled answers to the most elementary political questions because they are taught nothing but cant. Schools dispense cant rather than principle because the regime has no principles beyond the survival of its leaders. Mao's peasant utopia and Deng's Westernization are the fig leaves of warring bureaucrats. The West may oppose this self-interest or use it, but should not misconstrue it.

"Some people say these events are things of the past," Wei's *Exploration* essay concluded. "Since the smashing of the Gang of Four, the state has guaranteed it will make laws and act according to them.

"However, these wishes cannot come true [so long as] some people cherish feudal despotism and take the law into their own hands. They do not have the slightest bit of humanist feeling."

Pave the world with concrete, as Ilya Ehrenburg said, and grass will begin to grow through widening cracks.

The Recognition Scene

Some day, as Carter, Young, and Vance
Sit down again to look askance
At poor Rhodesia's voting score,
They'll wind up sprawled upon the floor.
Who'll pull the chairs? Who'll dump this crew?
Why, Mrs. Thatcher will, that's who.

W. H. VON DREELE

Getting 'Old Bugger'

"Little shot from the U.S. has lively word from the two BIG SHOTS in America and England. Word is, 'Pull up your socks and let's get going!' " Approximately thus, according to Kermit Roosevelt, was the beleaguered Shah of Iran advised in July 1953. Roosevelt of CIA had arrived, and, on behalf of Eisenhower and Churchill, wanted to talk to His Majesty about overturning the anti-Western Mossadegh regime. One hopes that this does not presage the tone of Roosevelt's whole book, *Countercoup: The Struggle for Control of Iran*, due this fall. Perhaps it will be a good book, but the excerpts featured in a *Washington Post* article entitled "How the CIA Brought the Shah to Power" are all hilarious code names, derring-do, and carefree undercover humor. Like a sort of James Bond, Roosevelt, code-named "RNMAKER"

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(get it?), arrives in Teheran by car in a cloud of dust from across the desert on July 19 and, by August 19, with the help of a small cast including "Mad Musician," "Laughing Boy," and "Boscoe One and Two," has dumped Mossadegh ("Old Bugger") and all the baddies, put the Shah ("KG Savoy") back on his rightful throne, and retired to have a vodka or two with a few buddies while the whole town is reeling with the enthusiasm of victory.

Now that the jig is up, 26 years later, and the Shah is cooling his heels in the Bahamas, Roosevelt wants to tell all. One hopes, despite the jazzy *Post* preview, that the book will be an important contribution to the history of a complex period as well as a fascinating case-study of a well-engineered coup in the interest of both the West and the Iranian people. One assumes the Agency cleared Roosevelt's book. But it would be damaging if *Countercoup*, by focusing too much on the titillating mechanics of the coup, deepened an invidious stereotype of the CIA which is already abroad and conveyed a shallow picture of the genuine political, economic, and social upheavals that occurred in Iran in the early 1950s.

Another Teddy

"I have the Navy in good shape," wrote Theodore Roosevelt, Assistant Secretary of the Navy, in 1898. In his magnificent new biography of Theodore Roosevelt, Edmund Morris comments:

"Posterity will not grudge him that boast. The Navy was, indeed, in superb fighting trim as he prepared to resign from office. What it lacked in sheer weight of metal it made up for in efficiency and combat toughness. Never before had it been so strategically deployed; never was it so ready for instant action. . . . Thanks to Roosevelt's ceaseless publicizing of the service, schoolchildren across America could recognize and chant the praises of such romantic vessels as the *Iowa*, the *Oregon*, and the *Vesuvius*. His revolutionary Personnel Report, though not yet enacted into law, had already brought about a new harmony between staff and line officers, easing one of the Navy's most difficult administrative problems. His enthusiastic championship of torpedo boats and submarines, not to mention Professor Langley's 'flying machine,' had pushed naval technology several years into the future. He had magnified the scope and influence of the Assistant Secretaryship. He had personally set the stage for one of the greatest sea dramas in American history. Most important of all . . . he had acquired a fund of naval expertise unmatched by any politician in the country. It would prove a priceless asset when he began to deal with 'ships, ships, ships' again, as President of the United States."

The 1980 Republican Convention, TR, will be held in Detroit. RSVP.

Notes & Asides

On Growing Old & Wise with Garry Wills, Or, Perspective Regained!

(From *Confessions of a Conservative*, by Garry Wills, Doubleday, 1979, reviewed on p. 684): "A cranky band of bright editors taxed Bill's energy [at NATIONAL REVIEW in the early years], fighting the world and each other, trying to use or help Bill, each intent on steering this new bark off in his own direction. . . . All five editors attended office sessions regularly, even in the summer, since that was where Bill could be met and influenced. I got to know all these people, catching hints of the tempest brewed daily in editorial teapots. *NR* was founded at the end of 1955, just in time for its Republican ideologues to squabble over the '56 elections. . . . I have no doubt, little journals being what they are, that NR is still a cat's-cradle of schemes and crossing egos. But this is, surely, a pygmy war compared to what I saw, only partly comprehending, when Willmoore Kendall took elegant verbal swipes at his fellows. Brent Bozell and Frank Meyer formed an anti-Burnham faction but then fell out themselves in theological wrangling. Burnham treated attacks on him as beneath response. Bill tried to stay above the conflict, half ignoring, half downplaying it. He alone was more intent on saving the ship than on steering it. I, as the 'new boy' in Bill's tow, was only obliquely approached by most of these contestants—all but Frank, who was about as subtle as the farts he thought it déclassé to muffle or minimize. . . . It was Willmoore's wit that rose above sophomoric level in the brief and deliberately outrageous opening paragraph of each issue."

(Garry Wills in the *National Catholic Reporter*, December, 1965): "In 1957, a conservative journal of opinion celebrated its second birthday by publishing the *National Review Reader*; and an editor of a prominent weekly observing the *Reader* predicted the rapid disappearance of the magazine—presumably by direct intervention of an angry God. I reflected at the time that my intellectual life, and that of many others, would be a good deal less stimulating if this prophecy came true (though—considering the source—there was little chance it would).

"Two years earlier, in 1955, NATIONAL REVIEW had lifted the spirits of a tiny band of conservatives who led an underground existence in a large Jesuit seminary, where political life 'aboveground' was a subumbrous

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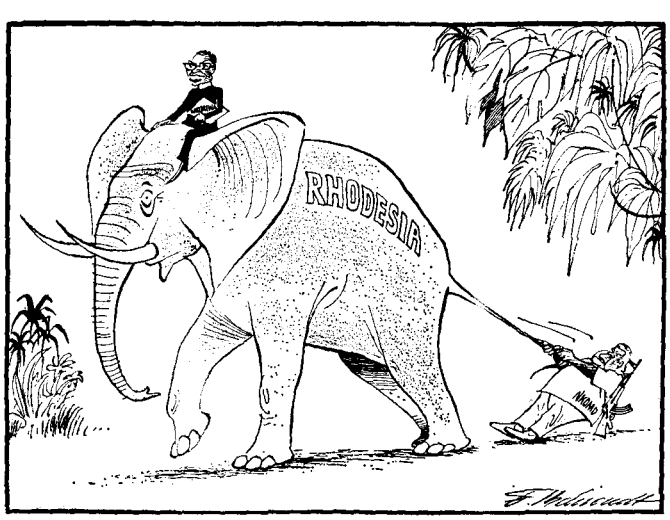
affair of liberaler-than-thou mimicry. One 'out-of-province' copy of the new magazine traveled rapidly underground; and, though sheer force of numbers kept us from having much of a voice in that community, whenever our voices were heard at all, they were usually lifted—thanks to *NR*—in laughter.

"In the second year of the magazine's life, I had the privilege of working around its offices for several months. And what I had suspected was, it turned out, true: if *NR* was not the best magazine in America, at least its editors had more fun producing it than (I am convinced) any magazine's staff could possibly have. The operation reminded me of a description a Fleet Street waiter gave of the young Chesterton, writing his newspaper articles over a bottle of wine: 'Mr. Chesterton is a funny man. He sits there, then laughs; then writes; then reads what he wrote, and laughs.' In the offices of *NR*, the ripple of typewriter keys moves, always, over rhythmic tides of laughter. That is one reason why opponents of the magazine, many of whom have forgotten how to laugh, consistently misunderstand it. I had an experience of this myself. Over the phone to book editor Frank Meyer, I once parodied Fidel's current slogan, and the idle crack was repeated as such around the offices, eventually printed as such. 'Mater sí, Magistra no.' Whereupon an informal 'committee on un-Catholic activities' met and, after a straw vote made easier by the fact that the members came wearing the straws in their hair, decided that Mr. Buckley had announced his apostasy in doggerel. No wonder such ridiculous people have—out of sheer self-defense—forsworn laughter.

"The magazine made fun of itself from its first issue, which told the mock-epic (but true) story of how the Buckleys raised alumni donations to their Ivy League schools by daring to criticize those schools. (Today, student rebelliousness is treated with an almost religious awe when it washes unrestrainedly up and down the streets. But in 1951, some thought an auto-da-fé was in order because a student had used witty prose to criticize a liberal administration. Better Mario Savio's barbarities at Berkeley than Bill Buckley's aphorisms—better, that is, simple restlessness than *real* rebellion.)



Behrendt, *Het Parool* Rothco

"It is still making fun of itself—as I found out last week, when I attended (observe the landmark, *America*) the magazine's tenth anniversary dinner. Clare Boothe Luce opened the evening with an impish huff at the fact that conservatives are called 'little *old* ladies in tennis shoes.' John Dos Passos mused on the Robin-Hood appeal that attracted him to 'Buckley's rebel band.' Barry Goldwater greeted Buckley as one lopsided loser to another, remarking only that *he* did not do it *on purpose*, like the 'political kamikaze' sitting beside him.

"One of the more serious notes of the evening was struck, with characteristic generosity, by Steve Allen, one of the liberal sponsors of the birthday dinner. He thanked the magazine for making it possible, again, to converse with a responsible organ of conservatism, and said it would be a sad day for our country if this undertaking were to fail—a remark that reminded me of *America*'s wishful thinking back in 1957. The reason *NR* has performed the function Mr. Allen described is precisely its humor, its refusal to become messianic, self-important, convinced that only *it* can save the world. It is the temptation of all journals of real dissent—i.e., those outside the Establishment—that their remoteness from the levers of actual power will lead them into a compensatory doctrinal purity by which they flaunt their difference from the 'compromising' realists. (Cf. the liberals for whom America's establishment is not liberal *enough*, whose intransigence drives them to the outer reaches of martyrdom, self-immolation, and illegal protests.) An ideological sludge builds up in any 'little magazine,' but *NR* has been extraordinarily successful in rinsing it away, using that powerful solvent, laughter. Even the gloomy prose stylist Whittaker Chambers was, when I saw him around the *NR* offices, beaming at the sallies that accompany editorial tasks there—and launching some of the most stinging shafts himself.

"When, on Wednesday, the last bit of its copy is sent off to the printers, the *NR* staff gathers for drinks. Mr. John Leo recently attended one of these sessions, and editor Bill Buckley asked him if *Commonweal* has any such custom. When Leo answered no, Mr. Buckley winked at him: 'Oh, that's right, you drive your *readers* to drink.' Even worse (or better), they drive their readers to *NR*. Which reminds me: *NR* is not only a joy to write, but a joy to read. Keep that in mind, subscribers of the world, and, when your magazine folds—or even sooner—give *NR* a try."

(For reprints, address Mr. G. Wills, Department of Classics, Johns Hopkins University, Baltimore, Md.)

—WFB

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Namibia's UN Affliction

The Protracted Conflict

BRIAN CROZIER

TO ALLOW THE United Nations to make a sovereign state's foreign policy is a folly. Even to allow that egregious body to *influence* policy, except in unusual and specific circumstances, is an aberration. Both of these propositions have been shown to be true during the long years of the Rhodesian conflict, and both are relevant to the continuing dispute over South-West Africa, or Namibia.

The founding fathers of the UN assumed (wrongly) that the (necessary but unnatural) wartime alliance between the democratic West and the totalitarian East could continue into the peace. They also fell into the semantic trap of declaring the founder-members (i.e., themselves) to be "peace-loving" and "democratic," which in the case of the Soviet Union was one hell of an assumption to make in the absence of clear definitions of "peace-loving" and "democratic."

Misbegotten to start with, the UN has degenerated in recent years into a rabble of predatory states in which the voices of moderation can hardly make themselves heard above the rising decibels of the raucous extremists. For a brief moment, Western heads could rise in pride as Ambassador Daniel Patrick Moynihan hit back at the extremists with his powerful home truths. But his sensible voice was soon muted, and things went on as before.

It was entirely suitable that the UN should accord signal honors to the terrorist leader, Yasir Arafat, complete with his submachine gun. And equally appropriate that it should, collectively, espouse the cause of a terrorist organization calling itself SWAPO (South-West African People's Organization). Such is our own collective decadence that we (or some of us) treat SWAPO as a respectable body, in the face of such facts as these.

The Kremlin Surrogate

In 1966, SWAPO embarked on violence after the International Court of Justice at The Hague had turned down a charge that South Africa was abusing its mandate, inherited from the League of Nations. (This inheritance from the old League does, of course, give the UN some legal right to poke its nose into the affairs of South-West Africa.)

SWAPO is a surrogate of the Soviet Union, or, if you prefer, a surrogate of the Soviets' surrogates, since its arms, money, and training are mainly courtesy of Cuba and Angola. In short, SWAPO is an instrument in the furtherance of Soviet aims in the Third World War, along with the Rhodesian Patriotic Front, with which it shares the distinction of preferential treatment from the Carter and Callaghan Administrations. If SWAPO and its Communist protectors got their way, there would be another Soviet satellite in southern Africa, to complement Angola, Mozambique, and, further north, Ethiopia.

Last October, the foreign ministers (no less) of the U.S.A., Britain, Canada, France, and West Germany visited Pretoria to ask the South Africans to drop their plan to call elections in South-West Africa. Instead, they proposed "independence" elections under UN supervision. What did UN supervision mean, however? The proposal envisioned a UN force of 7,500 troops, plus 360 police. The new South African Prime Minister, Mr. P. W. Botha, understandably concluded that a UN force of this size would be used to enforce the claims of SWAPO to be the sole representative of the people of South-West Africa and to intimidate the supporters of the local non-Marxist groups.

He therefore rejected the UN proposal, and the elections went ahead, as planned, on December 4 and 8. SWAPO could have tried its chances at the polls, but, having (along with Rhodesia's Patriotic Front) a well-known preference for bullets over ballots, it chose instead to boycott the elections and to urge the electorate not to vote. The voters, feelings themselves protected, voted all the same: there was an 80 per cent poll, and the Democratic Turnhalle Alliance (DTA) won a landslide victory, to fill 41 of the fifty seats in the new Constituent Assembly.

In troubled and relatively primitive areas, voting patterns are only distantly related to the real feelings of the electors. With South African security forces on the spot, the DTA nearly swept the board. Under UN supervision (and with the SWAPO bases in Angola conspicuously unsupervised), SWAPO would have completely swept the board: 100 per cent of fifty seats is fifty seats, and this would have been the expectation. As Al Capone discovered, protection rackets need muscle.

It is not easy to absolve the UN, and the Western powers in particular, of bad faith. Apart from SWAPO's claim to be the sole representative of the Namibian people ("We will not share power with anyone," SWAPO leader Sam Nujoma said last August), a key issue is the status of Walvis Bay. A superb naval base, Walvis Bay was annexed by the British in 1884 and defined as "a part of the Colony of Good Hope." It belongs to South Africa and, geography apart, has nothing to do with the mandated territory of South-West Africa.

Keep Walvis Bay

In November 1977, the Western powers abstained when the UN General Assembly voted on a resolution declaring Walvis Bay to be an integral part of Namibia. But when the Security Council considered a similar resolution on July 27 last, the same Western powers gave the resolution a 15 to 0 majority.

The Namibian question remains open. The violence continues. What should the U.S. and the other Western powers do? Ideally, and in their own interests, they should withdraw support from the UN plan and allow the South Africans to confer independence on Namibia unaided. In the world as it is, the sensible course would be for them to opt for a mixed UN-South African supervising force and tell SWAPO that if it chooses not to compete at the polls, it will have forfeited its right to a share of power. And it should leave Walvis Bay in South African hands, rather than allow it, by default, to become a Soviet naval base. □

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The True Confession of One One-Issue Voter

GROVER REES III

IN MY DREAM a child is playing by a bridge. Then I see the car hurtling toward the child. There is terror in the driver's eyes, because he does not see the bridge. It seems to him that he must either swerve onto the safe ground where the child is playing, or die in the ravine.

But there is a bridge. The driver can save himself if he will only turn his eyes and his car *up* . . . How can I explain it? Not toward the sky, but *up* into another world just outside the corners of the dream. A strange world, but a world with a bridge in it.

I wave my arm in the right direction: it is not gravity the driver must defy, but only his current perspective. But he never sees the bridge. The car wavers once, then veers onto the grass. The child is hit.

The driver gets out and stands over the dead child. He is in shock, but there is something else in his voice when he looks at me and says, "I had no choice. It was him or me."

I wave vaguely toward the bridge, but then my hand drops to my side and I say nothing. Even if I could make him see the world of the road not taken, it would not help. It would perhaps hurt him badly, and I have seen enough hurt today.

The dream has been with me for years. At first I would make more of an effort to show the driver the bridge. Once he even told me he knew where it was. Yet he had still chosen to hit the child, rather than to cross over into that strange other world. Where is the assurance of safe return? The driver might be forced to abandon his car and walk forever in the new world, with the child walking beside him, determined to express its gratitude forever. So you see, said the driver, I really had no choice. It was him or me.

In the end I am always left standing beside the body, the only evidence that a choice was made. I have never given up trying to point out the bridge. I am the evangelist of the fourth dimension, the crazy prophet of the road not taken. Every morning I wake up a little crazier, a little more sad.

CAMUS' STRANGER was a man who had never cared about anything. He finally found a subject that interested him, after he had been condemned to die:

> How could I have failed to see that nothing is more important than an execution; and that, in the final analysis, it is the only thing of real interest for a man! If ever I got out of prison, I would go to see all the executions.

Every society has its central horror. In post-Revolutionary France it has been the guillotine. One would have wanted to learn all about it, perhaps even to watch the spectacle. It was the most important thing happening in the world.

Capital punishment today amounts only to the occasional killing of an exceptionally depraved murderer who has somehow evaded the obstacles erected by our judges, who generally cannot find it in their hearts to send a man to his death. Their hearts are in the right place. The calculated and organized killing of anybody, no matter how depraved, raises the level of depravity and violence in the atmosphere. The official, respectable nature of an execution, approved by judges and carried out by agents of the state, paid for with a bit of my money and a bit of yours, gives us all a stake in the killing.

When the death march begins, every two or three years, for some killer in Texas or Utah, it becomes for a while the central national horror. Television and newspapers sift through the facts about the condemned man, his loved ones, his victims, the legal hurdles between him and his death. And, not least, the technical details of the death mechanism. We approve or we deplore, but we all watch with interest.

Indochina, too, has given us atrocities enough to focus attention on atrocity itself. Idi Amin has also served this

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purpose—with his boast of having eaten human flesh and found it tasty—as has most recently the Reverend James Jones of San Francisco and Jonestown. But none of these terrible things—capital punishment, foreign wars, African despots and other twisted men—is close enough to the mainstream of American life to be its central horror. They are unessential. Amin, Jones, Manson, Calley, Pol Pot might never have existed, and life would be the same for all of us except their particular victims.

Yet we are compelled to search for the central horror, the yardstick by which all other horrors are to be judged. The President of the Fund for Animals said recently that the annual slaughter of baby fur seals in Canada "is the crucial single cruelty in the world." I think he is wrong, but his heart, too, is in the right place. He knows there can be such a thing as violence in the air; he has undertaken the search.

There was what we call the Holocaust. It happened on another continent, before I was born, before most people now alive were born. We call it the Holocaust and invoke its memory that it might never happen again; but we may have retired the trophy too soon. Can there really never be another Holocaust, or even other holocausts?

And if you could find the new Holocaust—if you could isolate the central horror in our society—what could you do about it? If it were *central*, it would be hard to abolish. It would serve some useful purpose. Many good citizens would believe it to be unavoidable, perhaps even desirable. Mostly, they would not want to think about it. You would have to educate them slowly and gently, with an eye toward containing the horror now and ending it later. If they had fostered or tolerated the horror, you would have to convince them that they could reform, not without guilt, but without self-hatred.

Above all, you would try not to be shrill.

READING THE *New York Times* is one of the habits I picked up in college. It works out nicely now that I live in Louisiana, since the things the *Times* worries about are so different from the things most people here worry about. I can choose my worries from a broad selection.

Early in the summer of 1978 the *Times*, its columnists, and its interviewees were concerned about One-Issue Politics. As the election approached, the warnings became more frequent. James Reston predicted that as more people pressured their congressmen to vote certain ways on certain bills —as opposed to the traditional, generalized pressures, such as to vote for lower taxes and against inflation—it would be tougher and tougher to make the tough decisions. Ultimately, it would become impossible to govern.

Bill Brock predicted that as more conservatives responded to "one-issue" fund-raising letters, the Republican Party would find itself unable to raise enough money to present an effective opposition to the Democrats.

I sensed the displeasure of the *Times* when Minnesota Democrats rejected the multi-issue Donald Fraser for Bob Short, who was against abortion and for snowmobiles.

My reactions to these reports were influenced by my experience as a congressional staffer. On Capitol Hill there was always plenty of one-issue politics. Organized lobbying groups knew precisely how they wanted congressmen to vote. Generally, these groups favored higher spending, or took some other position that was unpopular with the electorate at large. Yet it was usually possible for congressmen to satisfy both the uninformed, generalized pressure from voters and the specific pressure from lobbyists: they would vote with the lobbying groups on a key procedural vote, and then cast a showcase vote in the other direction for the folks back home. This is the practice whose abolition Reston feels will make it impossible to govern: one-issue politics in Washington, no-issue politics in Kansas. For myself, I'm glad to see it go.

As for Bill Brock, it's only natural that he should worry more than I do about the credit rating of the Republican National Committee. Besides, he comes with unclean hands:

Capital punishment is no longer a routine operation; and it has nothing to do with nice people, your own friends and loved ones. The central horror is the one you can put on Master Charge

official Republican groups send out as many "one-issue" fund-raising letters as anybody. The only difference is that the money thus raised goes to support the re-election of Republican politicians, even if they were on the "wrong" side of the issue. If it is immoral to raise money to defeat the Panama Canal treaties, are things made right by giving the money to senators who voted for the treaties? Must be the New Morality.

In the coverage of the Minnesota primary, one had a glimpse of what it was all leading up to. The *Times* is not really opposed to one-issue politics. Eugene McCarthy was a hero in 1968 because he fought for principle, against great odds, on one important issue. Even when trivial issues swing elections—as when Floyd Haskell upset Senator Gordon Allott in 1972, riding the coattails of Colorado voters' opposition to a proposed Winter Olympics—the *Times* just gives us the news. But they did not like Bob Short, not a bit, and it had nothing to do with snowmobiles.

"One-Issue Politics" was a code phrase for the one issue that would not go away.

AFTER THE election they made it official. The *Times* ran two articles exposing the sins of Roger Jepsen, senator-elect from Iowa. It seems that Jepsen, a conservative Republican, is guilty of being a one-issue voter three or four times over: he attacked incumbent Senator Dick Clark on abortion, gun control, and the Canal, among other issues.

Abortion made the difference. Jepsen had hidden unsportingly behind a "plodding" campaign style and a wide disadvantage in the public-opinion polls, and had snuck up

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on Clark at the last minute with the aid of 300,000 anti-abortion leaflets that caused many Democrats to switch over, "especially in urban areas with large numbers of Roman Catholics."

The *Times* quoted an Iowa editorial to the effect that the 1978 campaigns had been permeated by a "shabbiness rarely seen in Iowa politics," but offered no instances of such shabbiness other than Jepsen's efforts to mobilize one-issue constituencies.

Fortunately, the *Times* offered a paradigm of an unshabby campaign: Robert Young, a moderately liberal Democrat from the St. Louis suburbs, had won re-election by "shap[ing] his campaign around service to the district, not party ideology." Mr. Young is the wave of the future: the article found "the heart of the new order of politics and government" in the observation of a Washington lobbyist that "the public does not want its congressional representatives to deal with broad questions. Thus the role of the politician has become largely absorbed in errand-running, and the good runner gets re-elected."

The *Times* chose an ironic example, since the pro-life movement also claimed credit for Young's victory against a pro-abortion Republican. Yet the treatment of the Jepsen and Young campaigns illustrates the curious new mathematics: no-issue politics is better than one-issue politics.

A few days later, *Times* columnist Anthony Lewis noted a CBS news poll revealing that 5 per cent of the American people—an extraordinarily high number by comparison with the figures on all other issues—would allow their feelings on abortion alone to determine their votes in political contests.

Criticizing Iowa right-to-life activists for opposing Clark, Lewis found it tragic that "a senator's conscientious refusal to support a change in the United States Constitution required a vote against him no matter what else he had done and no matter what the character of his opponent." Lewis added that the abortion issue is not going to go away, and that the behavior of the right-to-life movement seems very dangerous, giving "little reason to hope for the forbearance that makes democracy work."

Who are these millions of Americans who are so worrying to the *Times*? And should we all be worried?

THIS IS NOT an essay on abortion. It is an effort to explain how one-issue voters tick, so that other members of society can decide what to do about them. But in order to explain how an ordinary American becomes one of that 5 per cent whose feelings against abortion automatically and absolutely determine their votes—and to make an educated guess as to whether their ranks will grow or diminish—one must get inside their minds, examine all their values, find out how their One Issue got to be that way and how it affects their behavior apart from voting. One must try to decide how similar the one-issue voters are to other people, and then to isolate the difference.

You will perhaps not appreciate my suggestion that the one-issue voter is a lot like you. In fact, there is only one difference: he has come to accept, however reluctantly or passively at first, the truth of a single fact (or fiction). If he is wrong, he is wasting his time and causing lots of trouble for everybody; but if he is right, then his political tunnel-vision is not only rational, it is compelling. If somehow you came to share his understanding of this one fact, you would do just as he does.

Suppose, for example, that somebody thrust before your face a color photograph of an eight-week-old fetus. Imagine that your resentment of this intrusion, and your association of such pictures with a noisy minority determined to impose its religious beliefs on the rest of us, thereby aggravating overpopulation and oppressing women—imagine that these reactions did not assert themselves for a moment, just long enough for you to examine the photograph in the neutral, non-ideological way you usually look at pictures. And suppose you felt *recognition*. What if you saw that the eight-week-old fetus resembled nothing so much as a newborn baby?

Or (if you are the type who does not need, or does not like, to look at pictures of things when deciding what they are) suppose that you deliberately undertook a search for the characteristics that make something a "human," and rejected criteria such as present intelligence, or physical independence, on the ground that they exclude too many individuals who (something tells you) ought to be included. What if you could find *no* limiting criterion that could be consistently applied without excluding large numbers of "obvious," walking-around human beings?

Or suppose you found it futile to try to decide whether anything is "human," because of the many value judgments and emotional associations implicit in the term, and because of our scant knowledge of the physical nature of consciousness. You would still be left with the problem of where to place the burden of proof. If somebody were to capture Bigfoot, and he displayed some "human" and some "animal" characteristics, and scientists proposed to slaughter him in order to study evolution, would you want to leave the final decision in the hands of those who proposed the slaughter? If it were conceded that he "might" be human, would you require that those who wanted to save him come up with conclusive proof of his humanity in order to get a stay of execution? Or (leaving to one side your concern for the survival of endangered species) would you require the would-be slaughterers to prove he was *not* human, not like us in any important sense, before proceeding with their plans? To the precise extent that one is unsure about what a "human" is, the burden of proof is decisive.

It might be such a sudden epiphany as looking at a picture, or such a dry and abstract inquiry as deciding where to place a burden of proof, that would force you to the conclusion that an eight-week-old fetus is a human being. You would not be a very different person because of it. Your attitudes on religion and sex, for example, would probably not change; you would continue to like and dislike the same traits in other people and in yourself. Yet—precisely because you would wish to go on about your business, with the same views and friends and habits—this abstract metaphysical conclusion would be most inconvenient for you.

You would have to accept the logical consequences of your belief in the humanity of the fetus. You would have to believe, in other words, that every abortion (technically speaking) kills a human being.

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And then somebody would tell you that there are a million abortions a year in the United States. You would have no choice but to accept, on a purely intellectual level, the proposition that a million people were killed last year, in doctors' offices, with the acquiescence of their mothers; and that a million more will be killed this year.

And after you had accepted these intellectual propositions, I think you would begin to brood on them.

YOU WOULD HATE to think about abortion; and you could go whole days without thinking about it. But when the knowledge of it was thrust at you, you would spend days and nights thinking of nothing else. You would decide that abortion is the central horror of our society.

Central, because all the things that create the demand for abortion, and its acceptance by those who do not believe the fetus is human, only intensify the horror for you, bring it up close where you cannot ignore it.

Cambodia can be abstracted because it is pure hatred; but abortion is more real, precisely because it intertwines death so tightly with love and sex and the mother instinct, with so many tender and familiar moments.

Jonestown may have been endorsed by a few congressmen who knew nothing about it, but the deaths there were not performed in licensed, antiseptic offices with the approval of the United States Supreme Court. (What was the scariest thing about Jonestown? It was the young doctor. We revere doctors. It was the young doctor, trained to save lives, administering the poison; and parents forcing it down the throats of their children, who did not want to die. Those things are hard to abstract.)

Capital punishment is no longer a routine operation; and it has nothing to do with nice people, attractive people, your own friends and loved ones. The central horror is the one you can put on Master Charge.

And there are the numbers: about six million legal abortions by now.

The usual arguments for legalized abortion—often cited as if they mooted the question of the humanity of the fetus—will seem silly to you. You would not want the state to permit the killing of newborn babies because they were unwanted or handicapped, nor of 15-year-olds because they were juvenile delinquents. You would not vote for a law allowing a woman who said she had been raped to kill the alleged rapist without a trial—much less to kill the rapist's infant child. The fact that the present laws against murder do not always deter wife-killing would not cause you to support legalization of wife-killing, notwithstanding the undisputed facts that it would then be far safer for the killer, and that the decision to kill one's wife is an intensely difficult and personal one.

You will become suspicious of politicians who affirm their "personal" (or "religious") belief that the fetus is "a human being from the moment of conception," yet decline to support a constitutional amendment to forbid abortions. They are saying, exactly: "I think Charles is a human being, but since you don't necessarily agree with me, I think it should be legal for you to kill Charles." Either they are not very confident of Charles's humanity—less confident than they are of, say, the right way to fight inflation—or they do not believe in a rule of law. They are not the politicians you would want in power when somebody wants to kill or hurt *you*; and even if (not being a member of any discrete and insular minority) you are absolutely unafraid for your own safety, you will vote against these politicians anyway, because they propose to do nothing about the central horror.

Voting will be the least of your worries, though. You will probably not march in demonstrations, either because you would be embarrassed, or because you never hear of the demonstrations until after they are over, or just because you're always busy with the same things that kept you busy before you knew what the central horror was. But you will feel guilty about not marching, and even guiltier that you do not spend your lunch hour every day passing out leaflets in front of the abortion clinic—leaflets with those pictures of fetuses on them. Maybe you could only prevent one abortion a month. But wouldn't you give up twenty lunch hours to save one child from drowning?

If you are fortunate enough to be paid for thinking, writing, and talking about ideas, you will feel guilty that you

You will become a one-issue voter because it is the least you can do. You do not want to be a revolutionary, and you want to sleep nights

spend most of your time on other questions. Never mind that you hate to think about abortion, that you find it difficult to apply your professional skills to the subject as dispassionately as you apply them elsewhere, that your colleagues know your perspective and therefore discount everything you say about abortion. When the ovens of Dachau were in operation, was it moral to exhaust one's persuasive resources on economic policy, simply because one had a better chance of persuading people about economics than about ovens?

Still, as long as the six million abortions can be kept at arm's length—even the ones that take place in the Women's Clinic, the attractive yellow brick building you pass on your way to work every day—they will only bother you as abstractions, no more real than famine in Africa or a few random late-night murders downtown.

Then will come the worst day of your life, the day when somebody close to you will tell you about her abortion. She will be hurt and vulnerable, and will say, "I had no choice. It was it or me." You will do your best to comfort her without lying, and so you will talk nonsense, veering crazily between comforting lies and dangerous truths. Why didn't she tell you *before*, when you could have told her of the alternatives, all painful but all infinitely less horrible? Before, when you could have called everything by its right name without pointlessly adding to her pain? When you could have shown her the world that the bridge leads to?

You will take long walks. You will go in the middle of the night to stand in front of the attractive yellow brick building and think: Why don't I get a bomb and destroy it?

Reasons not to destroy the building will flood your mind

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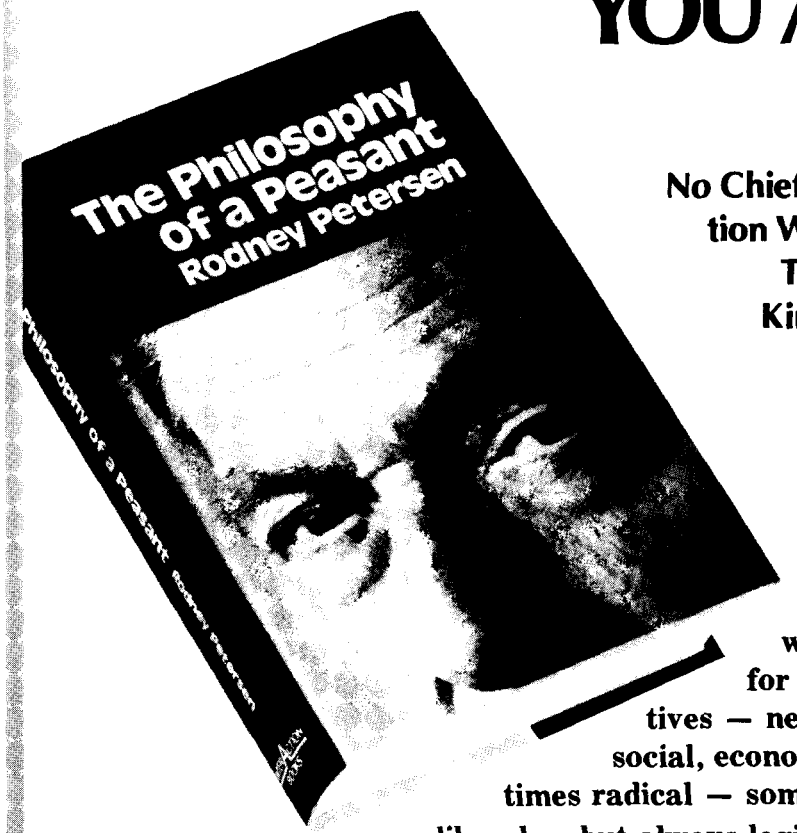

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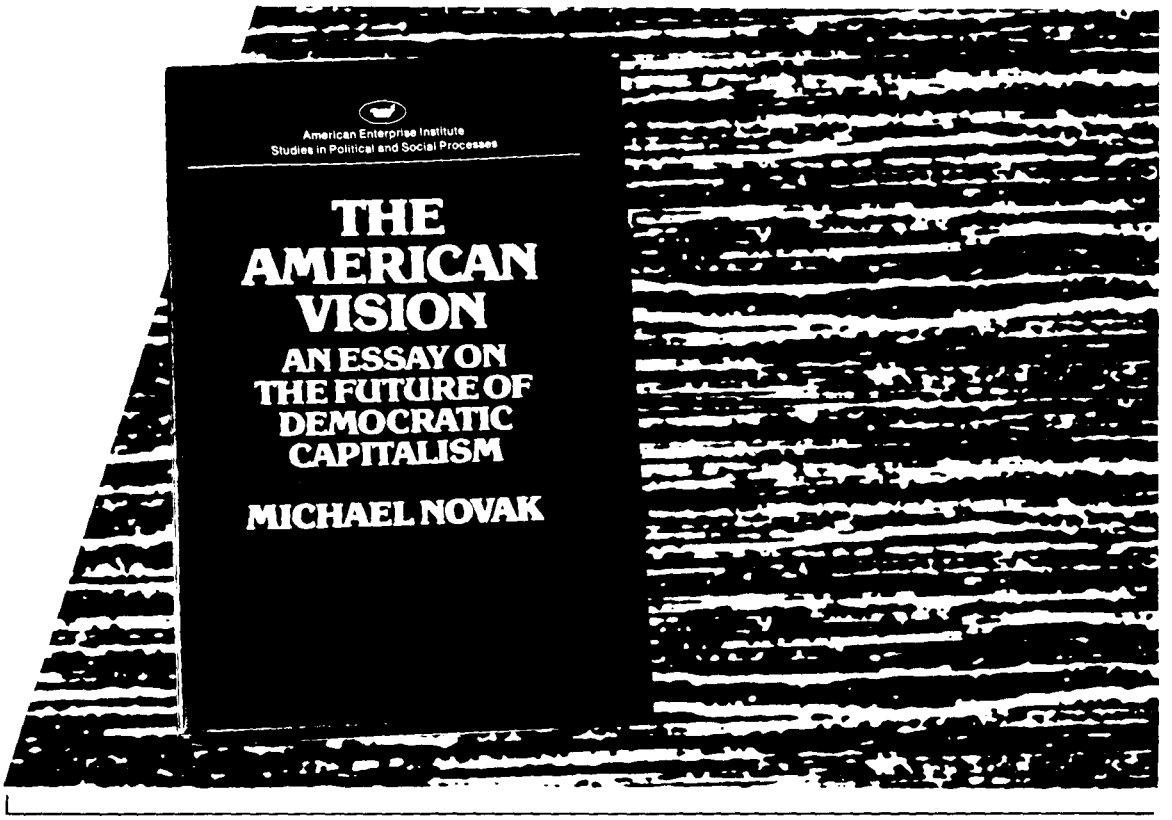
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—all practical, having to do with job security and tort liability and prison. Yet if you could postpone dozens of abortions, if you could give those intensely pressured women a few days to think, surely you could prevent a few deaths. Are you not morally bound to destroy property in order to save lives? You don't know. You haven't yet worked out your ideas on civil disobedience. (Is that the best you can do? Now is the time to decide.)

At last you find two unselfish reasons not to become a bomb-thrower: You have a child of your own to support. And it is important to preserve the republican form of government—the only chance for lasting security and freedom—even at the expense of more deaths. You will work through the system, and you will win. You will stop the killing.

You will become a one-issue voter because it is the least you can do. You do not want to be a revolutionary, and you want to sleep nights.

So you will vote for anti-abortion politicians. You will vote against the hacks who say they believe that unborn children are human but that others should be allowed to kill them. And you will vote against the politicians who sincerely believe that the fetus is just a blob of protoplasm, entitled to no legal protection. Not because they are murderers—they lack the essential knowledge and intent—or even bad people, but because they are terribly mistaken. They stand in the way of stopping the central horror.

Sometimes it will be easy. If you were a conservative or a moderate in Iowa, you might have voted for Senator Clark just because he was the incumbent and was good at running errands—until the pro-life campaign focused your attention on Clark's voting record, which was "wrong" from your standpoint not only on abortion, but also on government spending and foreign policy.

Other times it will be harder; but as the CBS poll confirms, there were certainly liberal pro-life votes for Jepsen; and those few liberal politicians who have risked offending liberal organizations by taking pro-life stands (Senator Mark Hatfield of Oregon and Congressman Ron Mazzoli of Kentucky come to mind) have received the support of the pro-life movement against more conservative opponents.

Sometimes the issue will not be squarely joined: in Minnesota, pro-life Democrat Short ultimately lost to pro-life Republican David Durenberger, with "one-issue" voters presumably falling back on their traditional preferences. You might even have to choose between two pro-abortion candidates, or to vote against a buffoon who would hurt the cause more by his embarrassing behavior than he would help it by his pro-life votes.

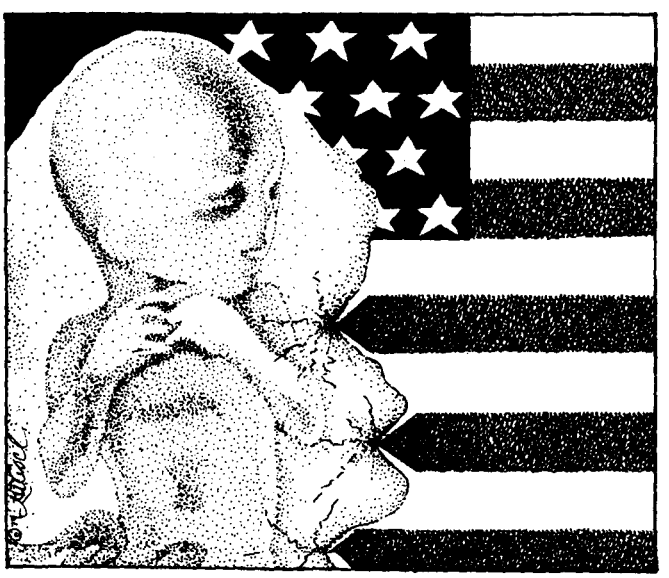
Yet whenever a sincere, presentable person asks for your vote, saying that he or she wants to go to Washington to stop the killing, you will be unable to resist. Whatever their positions on other issues, you will usually find that pro-life candidates command your respect. They are your kind of people, the kind you would want around if anybody were trying to hurt or kill you.

Of course, there are other pressing issues. Suppose your pro-life candidate does not share your concern about the Soviets' military strength, or suppose he favors domestic spending cuts which, in your view, will ruin the lives of these children you are both trying to save? Well, you will try to change his mind, before and after the election. These other issues, left unsolved, could lead to disaster; they should be dealt with right away; but they are not yet getting people killed. So you will take your chances (if you must) that the other issues can wait. You will perhaps even hope that a successful resolution of the abortion problem will bring about a moral renaissance in America, will focus our attention on human life as the most valuable and fragile thing there is, and thereby contribute to the solution of our other problems.

The other side has its hard core, too. But most people who are pro-abortion don't think about it much. If they are right and you are wrong, then a constitutional amendment will inconvenience a lot of women, and in some cases increase their suffering. The same can be said for any number of wrong decisions. But if you are right, then there are those six million deaths. So you care more, try harder: the rabbit outruns the fox because the fox is running for his lunch, the rabbit for his life.

What about the millions of women who have had abortions? They vote, too, and they have a terrible stake in not believing that the fetus is human. Yet they have not emerged as a counterweight to the anti-abortion voters. Perhaps it is because some of them have realized that what had been destroyed in them was not nothing. Some have now joined the pro-life movement, and speak out about how they were railroaded by the abortionists. Yet as the millions of abortions mount into tens of millions, and as the pro-life movement gains converts, the polarized society feared by the *Times* may come into being. After the up-or-down vote on ratification of a constitutional amendment, half the country might go away mad. Such divisiveness would be very bad; there are only a few things worse.

You will be a one-issue voter until you win—even though society will give you no medals for "working within the system," even though you know you are a nuisance. You can go for days without thinking about abortion, but on other days the Camusian fascination with the *event* takes hold. You wonder about the details of particular abortions, about



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your friends and loved ones walking into the yellow brick building, into the waiting room, lying down on the operating table. You see their faces, and you picture the actual process of death, the suction devices and knives and abrasive chemicals; you wonder about resistance and pain and occasional crying. You try to imagine six million deaths. Whenever you can, you tell people about the world of the road not taken, taking care not to be shrill. Someday you will win, and your bad dreams will stop. For now, every morning you wake up a little crazier, a little more sad. □

2

A Comment

JAMES JACKSON KILPATRICK

If Mr. Rees has not delivered himself of an essay on abortion, I will never read an essay on abortion. And if his tone is not shrill, I have been struck tone-deaf. He has indeed voiced a cry of unbearable pain; he recoils from abortion as the central horror of our times; he feels guilty for not spending every lunch hour on the sidewalk, passing out leaflets. The gentleman is a one-issue man. His voice is the voice of zealotry, and it turns me off.

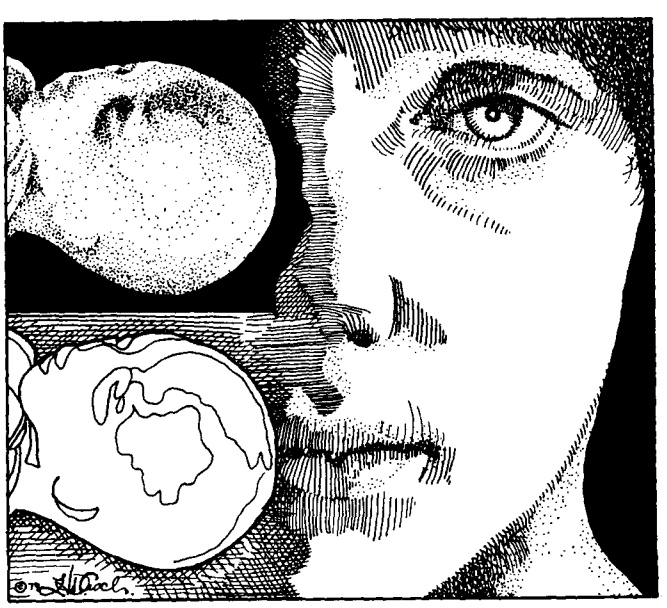
Let me respond by talking a little history, a little law, a little politics. These are fields that relate directly to the question under discussion, which has to do with how officeholders vote on particular legislative propositions. Arguments of theology, morals, and medicine are not before the house. We are debating such issues as a constitutional amendment on abortion and the public funding of abortions for the indigent. Mr. Rees's position, as I understand it, is that every member of Congress who opposes the amendment or supports the funding should be drummed out of office *for this reason alone* as soon as an opportunity presents itself at the polls.

Very well. Prior to January 22, 1973, there would have been no occasion for debate. At least 27 states had laws making it a criminal offense for any person to perform an abortion, and the practice was regarded almost universally as, if not criminal, at least a dirty piece of business. Then came the Supreme Court's opinions in the Texas case of *Roe* v. *Wade*, 410 U.S. 113, and the Georgia case of *Doe* v. *Bolton*, 410 U.S. 179. Overnight, abortions under certain circumstances became as lawful as appendectomies.

Lest I be misunderstood, permit me to assert that, in terms of jurisprudence, the Court's two opinions added up to lousy law. Mr. Justice Blackmun and six of his colleagues (only White and Rehnquist dissented) took a piece of whole cloth, tailored a suit of personal predilections, and trotted it forth as constitutional law. In the garden of "privacy" they found a constitutional flower that never had been identified before. By fashioning judicial mandates from social policy, they took the Court back to the days of the *Lochner* case in 1905.

But nothing much is gained by railing at the Court for pronouncing bad law. *Roe* v. *Wade* remains for all practical purposes the supreme law of the land. Its basic teaching is that the states cannot impose an absolute barrier, by criminal sanctions, against a woman's decision to obtain an abortion. This is because a woman has a right of privacy derived from the liberty that is protected by the due-process clause of the Fourteenth Amendment. The right may also be included among the unenumerated rights of the Ninth Amendment. Wherever it comes from, the right "is broad enough to encompass a woman's decision whether or not to terminate pregnancy." Not until the second trimester may the state intrude with rules and regulations, and not until "viability," in the third trimester, may the state further regulate "and even proscribe abortion except where it is necessary, in appropriate medical judgment, for the preservation of the life or health of the mother."

I speak from a body of conservative convictions, at least as deeply held as Mr. Rees's convictions, that the substantive provisions of Mr. Justice Blackmun's opinion in *Roe* v. *Wade* represent sound and reasonable public policy. If these provisions had been embodied in a legislative proposal before a state legislature, they would have had my support. For a number of reasons.



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I had supposed it to be a fundamental principle of conservatism to challenge *every* doubtful intrusion of the state upon the freedom of the individual. The more serious the intrusion, the more it must be resisted. Only the most compelling interests of society can justify a major invasion by the government of a person's right to be let alone. If these are not fundamental principles of conservatism, I have wasted thirty years in the contemplation of that philosophy.

Most intrusions by the state upon the liberty of the individual are petty: the stop sign, the sales tax, the ordinances against noise and litter. Some intrusions are more serious: through the power of eminent domain the state may take our homes away. A few intrusions are of the first magnitude. Conscription is one. Another was described by the Supreme Court in *Eisenstadt* v. *Baird*, 405 U.S. 438, in a case involving contraception: "If the right of privacy means anything, it is the right of the *individual*, married or single, to be free from unwarranted governmental intrusion into matters so fundamentally affecting a person as the decision whether to bear or beget a child." That strikes me as sound doctrine.

The answer of the right-to-lifers, if I am not mistaken, is to say, All very well, but what about the rights of the individual fetus? The aborted fetus has been executed without the slightest trappings of due process. What greater intrusion of the state could possibly be defined? To which I answer (because I am not debating theology, morals, or medicine), that nowhere in the *law*—in common law, case law, statutory law, or constitutional law—has a week-old fetus ever been defined as a "person."

Those who would absolutely prohibit abortion, under any circumstances whatever, find little support in legislative history. The state enactments, prior to 1973, provided dozens of exceptions and exemptions. The Georgia law that was struck down in *Doe* v. *Bolton* was based upon the model statute drafted by the American Law Institute; it exempted abortions performed by a licensed physician based upon his best clinical judgment that continued pregnancy would "seriously and permanently" injure the mother's health. For the past several years the Congress has been thrashing over various versions of an abortion amendment to the appropriations bill for Medicaid. The several proposals are more or less restrictive, but none of the proposals would make abortion a crime.

These exceptions and exemptions tend to undermine Mr. Rees's case. If this week-old fetus is a person at law, there is no possible way for the state to sanction its murder by abortion. From the instant of conception, the fertilized egg is entitled to counsel, to witnesses in his own behalf, to a jury trial, to all the panoply of defenses that an accused may rightfully put forward when charged with a capital crime. But on what charge does one indict this cluster of cells? The proposition is absurd. Admit one exception, such as the universal exception to save the life of the mother, and the notion of the legal personhood of the fetus is destroyed.

A case for the Blackmun Abortion Act of 1973 rests not only upon law and philosophy but upon equity also. In the Rees view, the mother has no right whatever to determine whether an unwanted pregnancy may be terminated. Some of us, at least, see that position as cruel and inhumane. Suppose it is medically determined at an early stage that the fetus is deformed? No matter, say the zealots, let the pregnancy proceed. Suppose the pregnant woman is an unmarried woman in a household or a community where the bearing of an illegitimate child is a matter of lifelong shame? Never mind, say the zealots, let the woman bear her shame.

Mr. Justice Blackmun mentioned some of the considerations in his 1973 opinion. "Maternity, or additional offspring, may force upon this woman a distressful life and

I can close my eyes and still see the body of a beautiful girl, maybe 16 or 17, lying on the stainless-steel table of a morgue. She had tried abortion by knitting needle

future. Psychological harm may be imminent. Mental and physical health may be taxed by child care. There is also the distress, for all concerned, associated with the unwanted child, and there is the problem of bringing a child into a family already unable, psychologically and otherwise, to care for it."

Finally, there is the possibility of winding up with a live baby and a dead mother. This is Mr. Rees's "him or me" brought home to roost. If he makes his own moral choice for the child and I make mine for the mother, which of us is the more moral? We are not talking about leaving the issue to God, or to fate; we are talking about the wisdom or unwisdom of laws that might prevent such fiendish decisions from having to be made in the first place.

The gentleman wants a constitutional amendment. He would vote out of office any politician who disagrees with that demand. A typical amendment is to this effect:

> With respect to the right to life, the word "person," as used in this article and in the Fifth and Fourteenth Articles of Amendment to the Constitution of the United States, applies to all human beings, including their unborn offspring at every stage of their biological development, irrespective of age, health, function, or condition of dependency.
>
> This article shall not apply in an emergency when a reasonable medical certainty exists that continuation of the pregnancy will cause the death of the mother.

(In passing it may be observed that even under the right-to-lifers' own amendment, the unborn person ceases to be a person and may lawfully be put to death because of a "reasonable medical certainty.")

Let us talk a little history. My brother wants this amendment for the same reason the Women's Christian Temperance Union wanted Prohibition. Those ladies went around

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breaking up barrooms. They thought that if only they could embed in the Constitution a flat commandment that "the manufacture, sale, or transportation of intoxicating liquors within the United States is hereby prohibited," the demon rum would be forever exorcised. By the same token, Mr. Rees supposes that his amendment would end abortions. After all, if a week-old fetus is constitutionally a person who cannot be deprived of life without due process of law, the abortionist and the consenting mother could together be tried for murder and sentenced to life imprisonment or to death. Who would take such risks?

The Eighteenth Amendment became operative January 16, 1920. I was born the following November and grew up in Oklahoma as a child of Prohibition. Did the amendment end the manufacture, sale, and transportation of liquor? Do canaries swim? That amendment launched the United States on a 14-year binge of contempt for law and for public institutions. Our Oklahoma bootleggers had home delivery and charge accounts; they had sales and specials and Christmas packages. Moonshining and bootlegging flourished through bribery and corruption and the bloody domination of the mob. Throughout this long dark night, any man who wanted a drink could get a drink, and to hell with the Constitution.

In more or less the same fashion, France in 1946 set out to abolish the brothels in which 6,200 registered prostitutes plied their profession. Today it is estimated that ten times that number of prostitutes are roaming the streets; venereal disease is rampaging; criminal syndicates are in command. A move is under way to bring the brothels back.

A constitutional amendment to overthrow *Roe* v. *Wade* and to make the ordinary abortion a felony would encounter the same inexorable resistance. The amendment would not end abortion; it would only drive abortion underground. It would restore the same squalid situation that obtained before 1973. Mr. Rees has his nightmare. I offer him a remembered reality. As a newsman, thirty-odd years ago, I covered the Chief Medical Examiner's Office. It was part of the police beat. I can close my eyes and still see the body of a beautiful girl, maybe 16 or 17, lying on the stainless-steel table of the morgue. She had tried abortion by knitting needle, and had died in the agonies of peritonitis.

PENDING A constitutional amendment, my brother wants to prohibit the spending of public funds to provide abortions for the indigent. On this issue I express no passionate sentiments. Under *Roe* v. *Wade* a first-trimester abortion is constitutionally viewed as a mere medical procedure, generally comparable to nipping out a child's tonsils. If the taxpayers pick up the bill for other gynecological procedures, why not for this one? The only effect of a Hyde amendment (for Representative Henry J. Hyde, R., Ill.) is to deny the poor woman the relief that other, more fortunate women may lawfully obtain almost anywhere.

But as President Carter remarked in opposing such public funding, life is not always fair; pro-life taxpayers understandably are outraged by such expenditures; as the Supreme Court said in a series of 1977 cases, the Constitution imposes no obligation on the national or state governments to pay for indigents' abortions. And a lawful, sanitized abortion costs less than a black-and-white TV set anyhow. I myself would vote against a Hyde amendment, out of an unwillingness further to grind the faces of the poor, but maybe this $20 million a year should not be spent. Let it go.

It is against this background of law, history, and human behavior that the gentleman raises his one-issue banner. Last year the House had roughly eight hundred substantive roll-call votes, the Senate about five hundred. To the apostle

While I would defend the right of the one-issue zealots to vote their convictions, I do venture the mild observation that the trend toward one-issue politics endangers the two-party system

of one-issue politics, none of these other votes matters. If a man is not right on abortion (or gun control, racial-balance busing, the Panama Canal, snowmobiles, or a balanced budget), out with him! Send the rogue away!

Having read Mr. Rees's shrill essay on abortion, I would not for the world resist the gentleman's tunnel-vision activism. Indeed, I have engaged in some one-issue activism myself, by urging well-heeled corporations not to contribute to universities whose departments of economics undermine the marketplace system. Mr. Rees and his like-minded friends have every right to vote as they damn well please.

So, of course, do the rest of us, and if abortion were to become the be-all and end-all—if nothing else were to count except pro-fetus on the one hand and pro-freedom on the other—Mr. Rees would find himself in a bad way. The results of a recent Gallup poll on this issue were announced in April. Twenty-two per cent of the people think abortion should be legal "under all circumstances," and 54 per cent think it should be legal "under certain circumstances," while only 19 per cent think it should be illegal "under all circumstances," and 5 per cent have no opinion. The percentages haven't changed much in the past four years, and Catholic opinion is only slightly more opposed to abortion than Protestant opinion.

While I would defend the absolute right of the one-issue zealots to vote their convictions, I do venture the mild observation that the trend toward one-issue politics further endangers the already moribund two-party system. Maybe it is time for the two-party system to go. We have lived by it politically since the days of Adams and Jefferson, but the system is not necessarily immortal. But if we are going to abandon the two-party structure and move to a maze of shifting coalitions, splinter parties, political action committees, and the like, we had better give the prospect more thought than it has received so far. It makes more sense to me to consider a candidate's whole record, and to vote in terms of general adherence to a political philosophy, than to let everything turn on single yea or nay. □

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LETTER FROM LONDON

Mandate for Change

ANTHONY LEJEUNE

IMMENSE relief is, or should be, the chief reaction to Margaret Thatcher's victory in the British election; not because she can be confidently expected to wave a magic wand that would put right everything that's been going wrong, but because the alternative was so deeply depressing.

The penetration of the Labor Party by Communists and Trotskyists is a real and alarming phenomenon which is still very dangerous for the future. There are Labor members of Parliament and union leaders who would undisguisedly like Britain to become a closed, controlled, collectivist state on East European lines.

The immediate prospect, however—the prospect which James Callaghan's government represented—was not of instant-bred revolution but of resigned, indeed complacent, acceptance that Britain must go on along the dismal path of recent years, becoming shabbier and poorer in comparison with other Western countries, more and more reliant on public spending to create artificial jobs, a place of welfare handouts and form-filling and taxes piled upon taxes.

The temporary benefit of North Sea oil has disguised the gravity of Britain's economic plight. In the five years since the last Labor government came to power, prices have doubled while productivity fell. Because of union featherbedding and a lack of incentive, it takes two, three, or even four British workers to produce as much as one German worker, using identical machinery. The burden of taxation has become literally intolerable; a steady stream of tax exiles has departed, seeking a climate where they can breathe.

The Labor Party's election manifesto offered only more of the same. Revulsion from this prospect galvanized not only traditional conservatives but a whole string of distinguished defectors from the Labor Party, including several former cabinet members. The press—with predictable exceptions—came out more solidly and intelligently against a continuation of Labor than in any previous postwar election.

Winter of Discontent

Sporadic strikes were still disrupting various industries and services; and no one, surely had forgotten the dreadful winter of discontent in which hospitals were besieged and schools closed; in which food was not delivered, garbage was not collected; in which ambulance men refused to help the sick, the dead were left unburied.

With all these factors hanging like millstones around the Labor Party's neck, the result of the election might seem to have been assured. But the doubts grew. Mrs. Thatcher was offering lower taxes, fewer subsidies, no price controls, and no political bargaining with the unions; in a word, more freedom. But did the majority of voters actually want more freedom? If the cage doors were opened, would they emerge? They wanted tax cuts all right, but they were skeptical (as well they might be, in the light of past experience) that the cuts would be big enough to make much difference to their lives. They resented the selfishness of the unions, but they were also afraid of union power.

Throughout the campaign Mr. Callaghan played on their fears. The unions backed him up. They couldn't imagine working with a Conservative government, they said. If there were going to be a free-for-all, declared one union leader, he "would tell the lads to get their snouts in the trough."

Some people were duly frightened. Others seemed remarkably indifferent to the election, probably because they had lost all faith in the capacity of any politician to make things better, or even to prevent things from getting worse. In addition, and quite unquantifiable, was the "Thatcher factor." Would she gain or lose votes merely by being a woman? And this particular woman irritates a lot of people by her voice and manner, whereas Mr. Callaghan was carefully presenting himself as a warm, avuncular figure. The whole campaign was a paradox, with the Labor Party urging a policy of "steady as you go" and the Conservatives calling for radical change.

The Conservative lead in the opinion polls shrank. At one moment the Labor Party actually seemed ahead.

But these fluctuations were deceptive. The truth is the Conservatives have had a reasonable, but not spectacular, lead for months, and the campaign probably made very little difference. Came the dawn of election day, and there had been a swing of 5.2 per cent to the Conservatives, giving Mrs. Thatcher an overall majority of 43 seats in the House of Commons, enough to make her possession quite reasonably secure for the next four or five years.

The pattern of votes had its depressing aspect. Britain is very much a divided country. London and the Southeast, the Midlands and the rural West overwhelmingly wanted to make the break for freedom. But the decaying industrial areas of the North and of Scotland remain solidly socialist.

No U-Turn

The crucial factor is the degree of dependence on government aid. Already over half the adult population of Britain relies, in one way or another, on money from the government. The question now is whether the new Conservative government can reverse the process; whether it can wean people away from their dependence on the state and give them instead a vested interest in freedom. The socialists are affronted that such an attempt should even be made. They have always regarded each leftward movement as irreversible, an attitude that previous Conservative governments have confirmed rather than countered. No sooner had Mrs. Thatcher been elected than some trade union leaders began

(Continues on page 697)

Mr. Lejeune is NR*'s London correspondent.*

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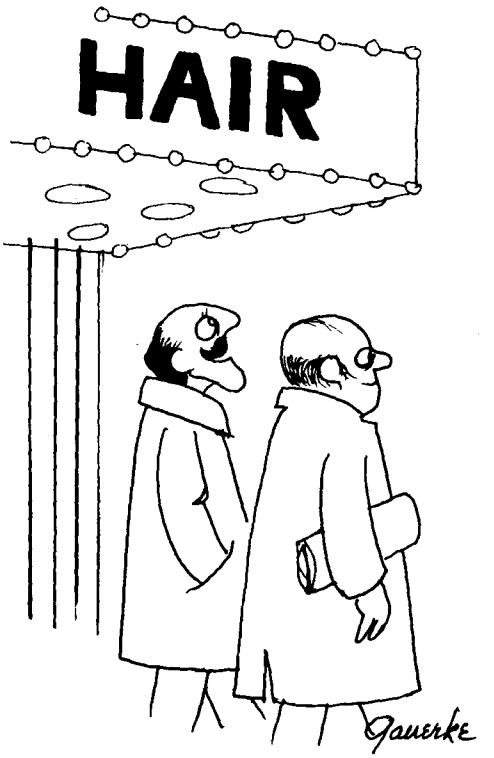
help!!!!

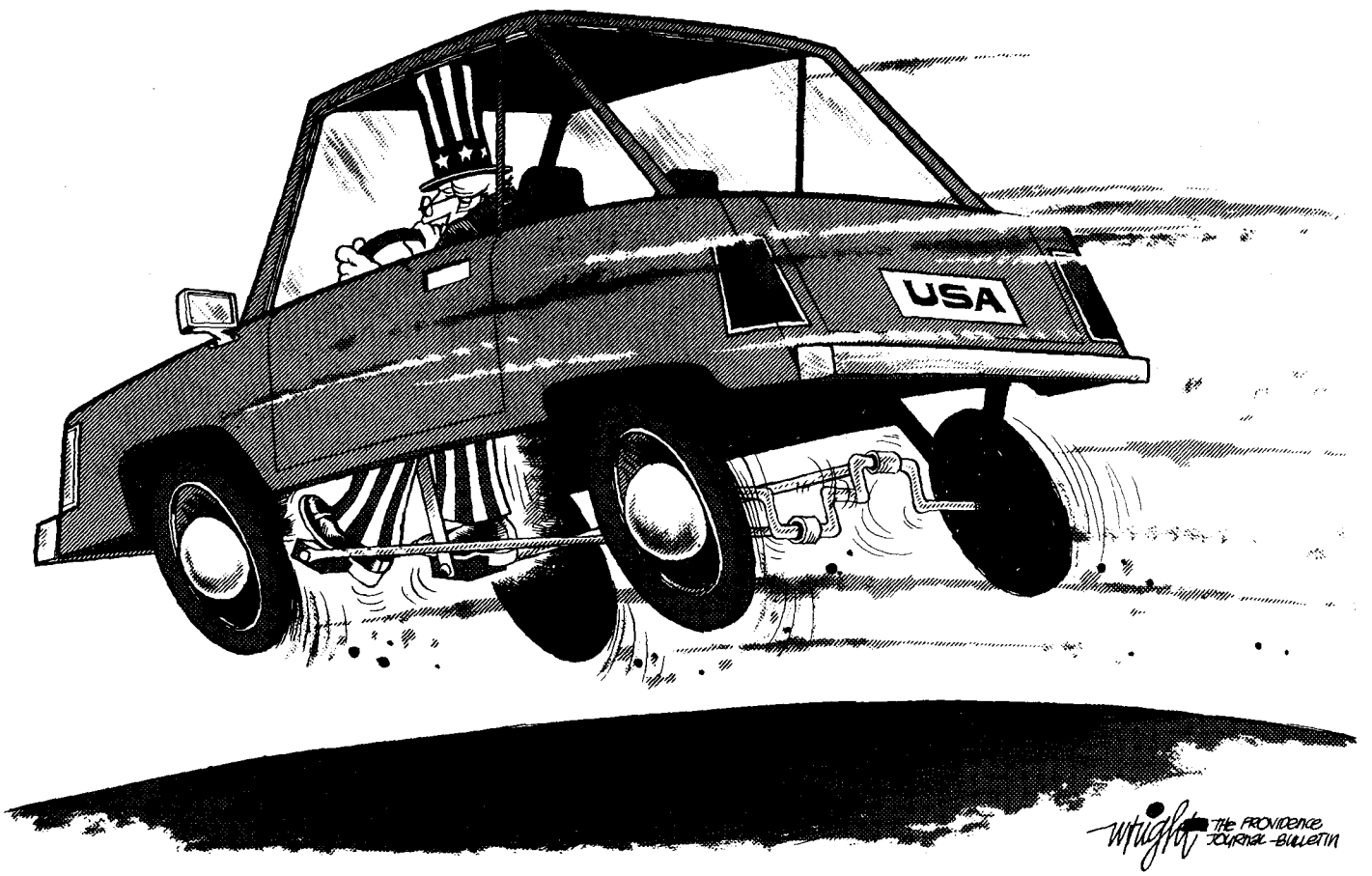
SALT Worries

Jimmy goes the extra mile;
He turns the other cheek.
Jimmy frowns at worldly goods
And imitates the meek.
Jimmy loves his enemies
As Jesus may have meant.
Jimmy makes me nervous as
Our only President.

W. H. VON DREELE



"It seems like only yesterday that we were part of the original cast."



THE ULTIMATE SOLUTION

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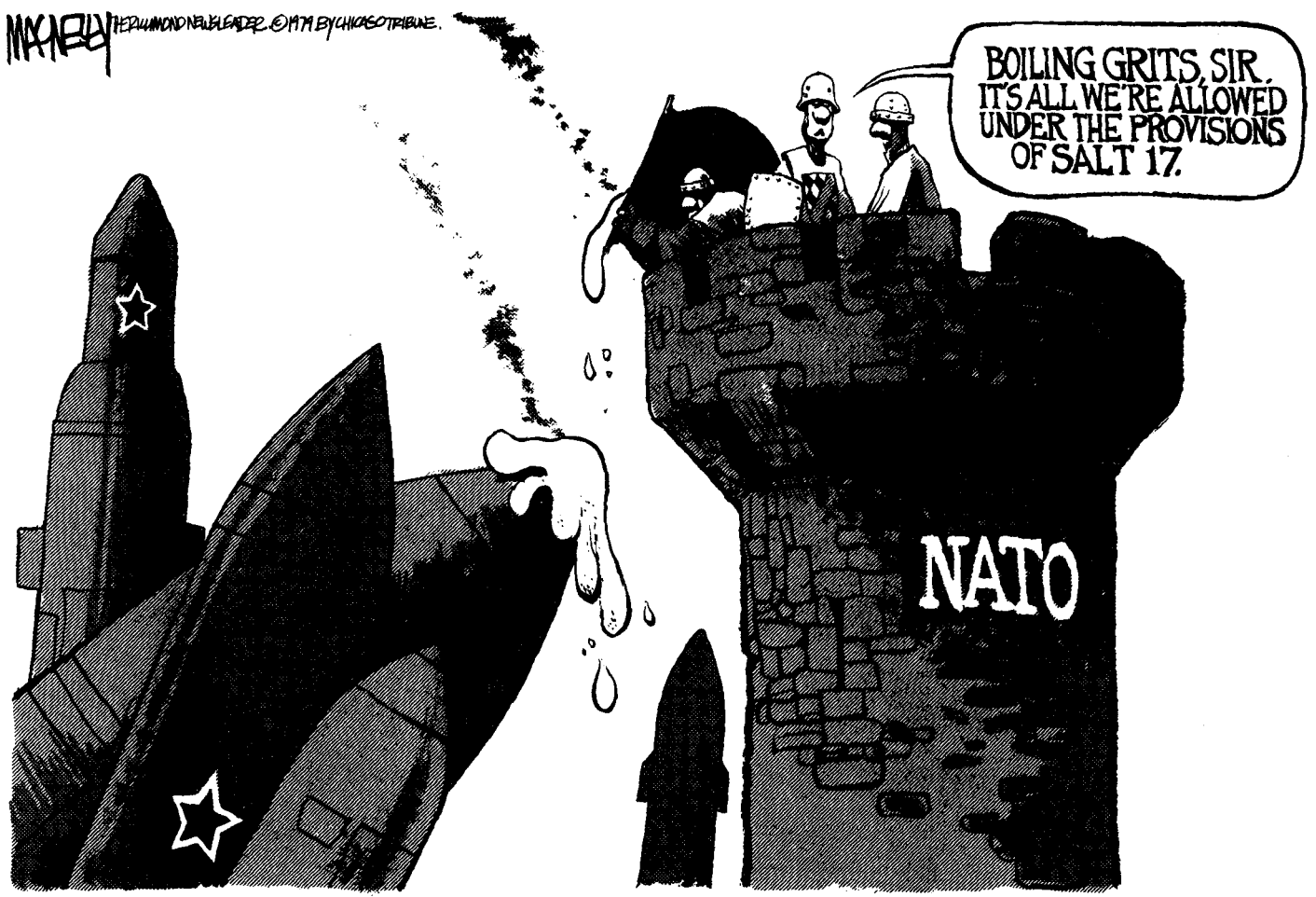
"*So* that's *an intersection* . . ."


MACNELLY THE RICHMOND NEWS LEADER. © 1979 BY CHICAGO TRIBUNE.
BOILING GRITS, SIR. IT'S ALL WE'RE ALLOWED UNDER THE PROVISIONS OF SALT 17.
NATO

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Books Arts & Manners

Up to Liberalism

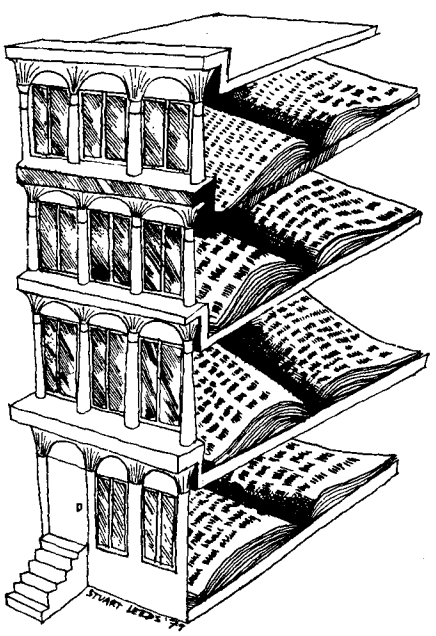
Confessions of a Conservative
By Garry Wills
Doubleday, 231 pp., $10

M. J. SOBRAN

America's gifts to literature include a special kind of autobiography: the memoir of cultural assimilation. Since the days of Edward Bok a newer kind of "Americanization"—from subculture to mainstream—has been the theme of books like Mary McCarthy's *Memories of a Catholic Girlhood*, Norman Podhoretz' *Making It*, Claude Brown's *Manchild in the Promised Land*, Larry L. King's *Confessions of a White Racist*. In each, an author of acquired urbanity looks back at his provincial origins, recalling the struggle of transcendence, the pain of forging a new self. Nostalgic or derisive, he looks back with detachment, since such a book is itself a way of validating the new self by exchanging the "we" of kinship for the "they" of citizenship. The genre addresses itself to the society he has "made it" in rather than the one he has left behind. The common pitfall is a failure to maintain enough detachment toward one's own success, a temptation to mistake conformity to a new society for the achievement of autonomy.

Garry Wills has had more than one past to transcend. In *Bare Ruined Choirs*, where the memoir was oblique, the "ghetto" was Catholicism, the old faith of beads, prayers, miracles—an irrecoverable home of an old self of naïve faith. The new, urbanized self found fulfillment in an "underground" Church of "doubt," where unseemly supernaturalism was replaced by ecumenical social protest. Scorning both frumpish traditionalism and crude trendiness, muting doctrinal particularity, Wills appeared to be saying that the "underground" Church had somehow been the "real" Church all along. Nevertheless, I read that book with an uneasy sense that he had made enormous and needless concessions to the cultural pressures he nervously disparaged. The price of his loyalty to Catholicism, as he defined it, was apparent in a remark of Phil Berrigan's about the Church, quoted by Wills with tacit approval: "She's a whore, but she's our mother." The stance was a curious *defensive* trendiness, too eagerly incorporating the attacks of Catholicism's "cultural despisers."

In *Confessions of a Conservative* the ghetto is, disconcertingly, NATIONAL REVIEW. Wills began writing for *NR* in 1957, when he was 23, and the first quarter of this book recalls his decade as a regular contributor. Though this phase of his career is embarrassing to him, he writes about it with love and candor; his portraits of Bill Buckley, Willmoore Kendall, and Frank Meyer bring them right into the room.



Subsequent fallings-out seem only to deepen the affection of these chapters, and the remarkable thing is the way Wills preserves the sheer romance of his first dizzying day with "the world's greatest blarneyer," who whizzed him around town and country and capped it all with a compliment that seemed outrageous at the time: "What a day for NATIONAL REVIEW when it gets both Whittaker Chambers and Garry Wills." If that kind of treatment doesn't sweep a Midwestern lad off his feet, nothing will. But Wills's warmest memories are of Meyer, "the world's most gregarious eremite," and his wife, Elsie. Wills and Meyer shouted away many long nights at Woodstock, reading Shakespeare and arguing politics with an intensity that made Elsie intervene. She needn't have worried; the friendship survived Frank's principles and Garry's heresies, and these pages are a beautiful votive candle to it.

It was through Meyer for the most part that Wills dealt with *NR* and the Right in those days, and his overgeneralizations about conservatives today—rigid individualism, racial anxieties—are probably extrapolations from the Woodstock shouting-matches. Like Meyer, Wills actually had little part in the magazine's internal life. Hence two of its three main presences, Jim Burnham and Priscilla Buckley, are oddly wraithlike in his account, while Bill Rusher, publisher since 1957, isn't mentioned at all. Sometimes he is just wrong, as when he offers as plain fact his rash guess that Bill Buckley's connection with *NR* is by now merely nominal. Since Wills hasn't been in

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these parts for a decade, one would think he might, as a journalist, have inquired.

This makes for intellectual gaps too. It is strange that Wills fails to notice features of Jim Burnham's thought that he ought to find quite congenial: "elitism," anti-utopianism, a conservatism of loyalty and givenness, what might be called strategic resignation. To speak of the Right's "messianic anti-Communism" without a nod to Burnham's style of thought (he wasn't messianic even in his Trotskyist days, much to Trotsky's dismay) is to engage in caricature.

Wills rightly stresses the influence of Albert Jay Nock on the original *NR* crew, many of whom came over from *The Freeman* (in its postwar incarnation). But he presents Nock only as the effete poseur, which is right but not relevant. Nock the man wasn't around. Nock the thinker deserves a little better. He predicted gloomily that World War II, however it came out, would principally mean the advance of totalitarianism (a word Wills avoids—significantly, I think). And it is worth noting that for Nock the opposite of "state power" wasn't (as for Meyer) individual rights, but "social power." Conservatism's rhetorical emphasis on individualism is not so antisocial as Wills believes. It is also strange that he brushes by John Chamberlain and Henry Hazlitt, only to repeat a canard no reader of theirs should be guilty of: that market theory is fallacious because we've never had a free market.

STRANGER yet is his talk of right-wing "theocracy." It is hard to know what he means. He even dismisses Eric Voegelin as theocratic—the opposite of the truth, as he should have known from the phrase "the immanentization of the eschaton" which was so often cited, and played on, in *NR* during the years Wills wrote for it. Had he read Voegelin carefully, he would have known that his own Augustinian notions of the limits of politics were no novelty to conservatives. He might also have realized that those notions don't necessarily lead one to the position he has reached. Instead he tends to assume that his differences with others are largely due to his having read things they haven't.

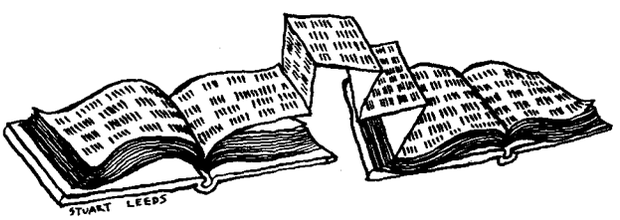
In fact, as he draws away from selected friends and speaks of the Right as a whole, Wills increasingly abridges and cartoons its positions. The reason is not any evident malice or inherent obtuseness, but the needs of dramaturgy. He is writing about himself, and he recalls the Right, here, as a misty mise-en-scène, The Way We Were, consisting (like the ancient faith of *Bare Ruined Choirs*) of Things It Is No Longer Possible To Believe. This is a contemporary tale of the Self's Progress, and *NR*-style conservatism serves as a backdrop for that self's Growing Doubts. Its credenda are not to be refuted, but outgrown; he is not speaking to the old tribe, but about it, to an audience with none of the tribal commitments he "confesses" having shared, and who won't mind inaccuracies about those commitments.

But he is "confessing" in another sense too. Though he has left our parochial parish, he has not left the church itself: he is still, he insists, a true conservative, in a deeper and broader sense than those he has left behind. The rest of the book dramatizes his emergence, and concludes with a personal credo of great eloquence. But one step at a time.

The memoir fades out early, as Wills recalls leaving the *NR* fold something of an "ideologue" (though Meyer cannily sniffed heretical tendencies from the start) to become a genuine political journalist with *Esquire*. He quickly excelled as a reporter and caught (and was caught by) the fever of the mid-Sixties riots and demonstrations. It was then, he says, that he actually began to see how America really works: the main result of observing the 1968 campaign was disillusionment with the electoral process. But he was already too wise to be soured by the reality; instead he decided we needed a theory to do justice to the system's real (as against its alleged) virtues.

Our elections, he says, don't really affect things all that much; a candidate must have appeal so broad as to blunt any meaningful principle. How, then, are we governed? By mutually controlling elites—businessmen, bureaucrats, even prophets—who are reconciled by another elite, the politicians. Nor does he disapprove. He thinks the whole contraption works well enough to be worth putting up with, serving competing values tolerably and for the most part humanely. He defends it (wants to "conserve" it) against the streamlining efforts of ideologues who yearn for the total ascendancy of any one elite, any obsessive principle.

There is some purposeful debunkery in this: Wills wants to snuff out self-righteousness about the American Way, lest we fall into messianism. In fact he stresses structural resemblances between



the American and Soviet systems. Both, despite official professions, are forms of "state capitalism." Ours is far better, though both are guilty of historical brutalities. Here he lapses into asymmetries in quest of symmetry. He mentions our victims (blacks, Indians, etc.) and doesn't specify theirs; he equates our "critics of the Gilded Age" (Mark Twain, et al.) with their "dissidents"; we "seized lands" whereas they "absorbed adjacent territories." He admits but minimizes differences between Soviet and American elections: "Ours are better managed, not to say stage-managed. There is less restraint on political initiative in America." He doesn't bother mentioning the *forms* of restraint; they are subsumed under grandiosely abstract concessions: "Admittedly, there were [*sic*] injustices in Russia and China, massive and terrible." But we too, in the name of anti-Communism, began taking on Communism's features—"secret police," and all that.

A bit facile, this, since our secret police never ambushed individuals, let alone millions, with instant death or terminal sentences to slave-labor. As he says, "elections reflect an ethos rather than create it"; but he ought to consider the way a system can, in turn, distort the ethos—especially when the system itself wipes out huge strata of the population. Wills still thinks in categories like national character and historical guilt, apparently failing to understand that totalitarian rule is essentially discontinuous, a largely technological kind of mass-control that can annihil-

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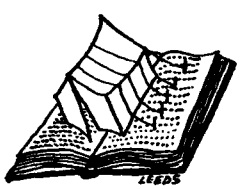
ate vital traditions. He sees the Soviet system as a kind of variant of old Russian "authoritarianism." No doubt it derives from old Adam too, but that is only a partial (and not a specific) explanation. There is a curious sense in which he seems impelled to assert that all regimes are somehow representative of their nations, as if peoples were naturally led, as by an invisible hand, to the rulers they deserved.

The source of this error is not itself an error, but a sound insight: what he calls "the family as the basis and model for society." The last section of the book restates his theory of "the convenient state," appealing to St. Augustine, his intellectual hero. Augustine held that it is not justice but earthier affections by which men are united in society. Only God knows what each man justly deserves, and this will be revealed to us at the end of time, not before; meanwhile the citizens of the two final cities—of God and of the earth—must live together indistinguishably in the "peace of Babylon." The state performs a less than eschatological function; it must not presume to do God's job of separating good men from bad.

True. But Wills is surprisingly vague about the pertinence of all this to his own position in American politics. The best he can do is suggest that our "crusading anti-Communism" (his gift for fresh phrase deserts him here) caused us to try to "administer final justice around the world," as in Vietnam. But if we were so fanatically anti-Communist, why, during that war, were our leaders courting improved relations and "detente" with the Soviets and, later, China? Why were they so eager to negotiate an end to the war?

The fact is that we aimed not to destroy but to "contain" Communism—a policy that was formed in the years when, the Soviets having absorbed adjacent territories (and others adjacent to the adjacent ones), we perceived that we were as Indians to their Manifest Destiny. A misconceived strategy, perhaps; but still a strategy, and not a demonology. Wills forgets his own cogent objections (in *Nixon Agonistes*) to fighting a war for the procedural goal of free elections in which the very enemy we were fighting might win: such a goal, absurd as it is, was at the opposite pole from "final justice."



I think there are two basic confusions in his theory. One is a failure to distinguish between state and society. The other is a failure to distinguish among kinds of justice, so that he is forced to shuttle terminologically between (mere) "justice" and "final" (or "ultimate" or "perfect") justice. In one sense, a limited state (an Augustinian legacy, by the way) can promise "to establish justice," meaning not final rewards but simply just civic relations.

These confusions cause Wills to see all states as organic and more or less familial extensions of their subjects, and also allow him to blink the specific evil of totalitarian regimes. As James Hitchcock puts it, the persecution of Christianity by Communism—official denunciations, exclusion from jobs and schools, removal of children from believing parents, imprisonment and forced labor, torture, murder—is the "dirty little secret" of liberal Christians, a subject unworthy of mention in the urbane society to which books like *Confessions of a Conservative* are addressed. Wills makes light of formalities like elections as criteria of a regime's virtue, but he never raises the first question Augustine would ask; never reflects on the consuming nature of a state that resents the worship of God as an affront to its own claims; never regards such a state in the light of Augustine's insistence that no peace is possible between the citizens of the City of God and the persecutors of Christianity.

This omission seems to me to trivialize his invocation of the saint, making it merely a fancy warrant for a modish anti-anti-Communism. Not that *The City of God* supplies us with a foreign policy. But whatever our practical policy toward anti-Christian regimes, surely we must *talk* about them, even—especially—in company where it makes us squirm to do so. That is a very light witness to bear, considering the daily ordeals of our less privileged fellow Christians. Yet Wills treats any such concern, when he thinks of it at all, as kid stuff: "I had grown up a Catholic cold warrior, praying after Mass every day for the conversion of Russia, rallying to anti-Communism around that cold-war icon, the statue of 'Our Lady of Fatima'"—as if wishing Christ on Russians were something akin to bombing them back to the Stone Age.

The book's very last chapter is a

RANDOM NOTES

■ More May Titles: Aleksandr Zinoviev's satire of Soviet society, *The Yawning Heights* (Random House, $15), is an excellent and amusing book. . . . Guy Davenport, the noted critic and short-story writer, is publishing a collection entitled *Da Vinci's Bicycle: Ten Stories* (Johns Hopkins, $12.95). So far, the advance notices have all been raves. . . . George Steiner, the literary critic and *New Yorker* contributor, has written a biography of the German Existentialist philosopher—*Martin Heidegger* (Viking, $10.95). . . . *Oilers and Sweepers and Other Stories* (Random House, $7.95) is by George Dennison, a philosophical writer of real interest. . . . Muriel Spark's latest novel is *Territorial Rights* (Coward, McCann, $9.95).

In *Japan as Number One: Lessons for America* (Harvard, $12.50), Eric F. Vogel argues that the United States has much to learn from Nippon when it comes to the refinements of industrial civilization.

■ Some June Titles: Joan Didion's collection of pieces written over the past decade—*The White Album* (Simon & Schuster, $9.95)—takes up where *Slouching toward Bethlehem* left off. . . . *The Nabokov-Wilson Letters: Correspondence between Vladimir Nabokov and Edmund Wilson, 1940-1971* (Harper, $16.95) is edited and annotated by Simon Karlinsky, who has also written an introduction. Not exactly a major literary event, but of much interest anyhow. . . . Leon Edel, who has edited the Wilson diaries and is a recognized authority on Henry James, has finished a book called *Bloomsbury: A House of Lions* (Lippincott, $12.95), all about the Woolfs, Lytton Strachey, Maynard Keynes, etc., etc. . . . *The Letters of Lewis Carroll: Volume I 1837-1885; Volume II 1886-1898* (Oxford, $60 the set) has been edited by Morton N. Cohen and Roger L. Green and is utterly charming.

■ The Bishop Ussher Award for 1979 goes to science-fiction writer Isaac Asimov, who proves mathematically in his latest book, *Extraterrestrial Civilizations* (Crown, $10), that "The number of planets in our galaxy on which a technological civilization is now in being" is 530,000, give or take a few dozen.

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subtle, apolitical meditation on the self. Again drawing on Augustine, Wills develops the theme that "one is never more oneself than in the extension of the self." Even repentance implies self-love, in that we love "the recoverable self of possibility"; we move forward through the love of "a yet unknown self," progressively discovered by knowing and transcending past selves. Though drawing on religious imagery of creation, its subject is man's "creativity," capacity for "growth," and "endless possibilities." As a comment on the relation between continuity and renewal, it is most impressive (so is a passage on *The Odyssey* that precedes it). Coming at this point in *Confessions*, it also invites us to admire the "performing self" that has acted out its own possibilities in this literary pilgrimage from one conservatism to another.

The performance of that new-renewed self is always stylish and often brilliant. But there is something too pat and self-congratulatory in the pilgrim's progress from an unfashionable conservatism he refuses to call conservatism to a fashionable liberalism he refuses to call liberalism. The appeal to Augustine is a weak basis for a convenient solidarity with what is assumed to be Enlightened Public Opinion. It is the achievement of that solidarity, an achievement portrayed as a self's lonely voyage, that is the real subject of this book. Ironically, Wills seems not to see that he has written the kind of story he has so often mocked: the success story of a self-made man. □

Public Nuisances
By R. Emmett Tyrrell Jr.
Basic Books, 248 pp., $11.95

THE BAD BOY OF BLOOMINGTON

ROBERT NISBET

Let no one be deceived by the fact that this is a very funny book; it is also a very serious book. Only solemnity, as G. B. Shaw wrote, is incompatible with the serious; humor can, and has many times over in the course of history, become an instrument of deadly seriousness. Tyrrell has lashed out with wit, caricature, comedy, burlesque, and ridicule, much of it of a very high order indeed, against a couple of dozen American intellectuals and politicians who have, he thinks, done the Republic severe intellectual damage. While everyone should enjoy the laughs, it's nice to know too that there is first-rate social criticism in this book.

Mr. Tyrrell, as most readers of *NR* will know, is the gifted editor of *The American Spectator* (formerly, more impudently, *The Alternative*). He is himself a public nuisance of no mean proportions, as Ben Wattenberg notes on the dust jacket. Brash, disrespectful of his elders and of the dear departed, Tyrrell has been, for more than a decade now, constantly on the prowl. And some of his victims, including more than a few in this book, are left with only their skeletons gleaming in the sun.

We get a special clue to the character of Tyrrell's piranha mind in the preface. There we find him, in a necrophiliac way, lamenting the fact that the obituary is not a recognized literary form. So revolting is much of the intellectual scene today, Tyrrell declares, that the essay, novel, and poem are no longer equal to the task of lighting it up. Only the obituary is adequate. "Moreover, I contend that if the obituary were to gain acceptance with serious writers the commonweal would be enormously improved." He offers a few examples of what the art of the obituary might become, from which I select one, which reads in part:

> Senator George S. McGovern passed away early this morning after a restless night, during which he shouted hundreds of thousands of words from speeches he had given throughout his long political career. The end came clamorously as he began going through his famous "The Sky Is Falling" speeches . . . His wife told reporters this morning that [he] had just broken into that famous cadenza of "Come Home America" exhortations when . . .

But that is enough. Readers have seen the point. We are dealing with a mind base enough to apologize for writing *essays* about such eminences as McGovern, Lillian Hellman, Larry Flynt, Betty Friedan, Jimmy Carter, and Ralph Nader. What he wishes, indeed craves, is obituaries for them—and obituaries that he has written. (In fact, there *are* two obits in the book, on Senator Humphrey and the ineffable Major Eatherly.)

Tyrrell does have charm, though, that other people besides his mother will recognize. Even *NR* readers who, when I quoted it above, blanched at the insolence offered to the greatest American statesman of his type since William Jennings Bryan, will nevertheless find a brilliance of wit and invective absent from the American scene since H. L. Mencken, whom Tyrrell clearly, and properly, admires. Like Mencken, Tyrrell has his cherished booboisie. But whereas Mencken's were found typically at an Iowa Republican picnic, a Ku Klux Klan meeting in Georgia, an Odd fellows jollity in Kansas, or a Billy Sunday revival, Tyrrell's booboisie inhabit New York, Los Angeles, and Washington, D.C. They assemble at Kennedy galas, Southampton bashes, and Academy Award ceremonies to pay tribute —standing ovations, in fact—to most of Tyrrell's Nuisances, drinking white wine on the rocks (rather than Coca-Cola) and eating organic health foods (rather than Mom's fried chicken). But, basically, the same old booboisie. History has altered setting and plumage but not substance of mind.

Tyrrell, under some form of the categorical imperative's spell, feels obliged to divide his Nuisances into three categories: As Intellectual; As Louse; and As Politician. In the first are placed J. K. Galbraith, Lillian Hellman, Bob Dylan, Gore Vidal, et al. In the second are, among others, Larry Flynt, Betty Friedan, and the late Major Claude Robert Eatherly (I still believe that the *New York Times*' deadpan—they *couldn't* have been serious!—obit is funnier than Tyrrell's, but never mind). And in the third category we are given the likes of Humphrey, Nixon, Carter, Kennedy, Califano, Kissinger, and Nader (11 in all in this class). Such, however, is the verve of Tyrrell's treatment of the inmates of all three categories that most *NR* readers will quickly forget who goes where.

Mr. Nisbet, the author of many books, including The Twilight of Authority, *is a resident scholar at the American Enterprise Institute.*

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As I say, Tyrrell is never less than gallant. Thus, of the divine Betty he writes: "Next to the illustrious Miss Friedan, the late Mr. Maurice Parmelee, author of *The New Gymnosophy* (1927) and *Nudism in Modern Life* (1952) was an Aristotle." And on the nation's purest hero, Nader: "There has never been anything quite like him in this vast and diverse Republic. He is a hybrid of William Jennings Bryan and John Brown. Next to him even the ghost of San Clemente appears unexceptional." And in tribute to Women's Lib and ERA: "What passed for ideas in the women's movement were some of the scrawniest specimens of cognition ever spied." Note the knife-like use of the past tense; Tyrrell is more than a nuisance, he is a monster.

But readers will by now surely see what I mean by Tyrrell as Public Nuisance, and be alerted to how carefully we must guard ourselves, who live in the same country with him. Still, what a country we are! As Tyrrell puts it quietly in his epilogue (titled "Har Har"): "To me these busybodies [Nuisances] are as moronic a mob of louts as has ever been at large in any civilized country since the dawn of Christendom. . . . Whoever heard of discussing immunology with a peripatetic snake-oil salesman? And why should I discuss politics or history with some lunatic woman whose thesis is that rape has, since Adam, been the fundamental nexus between man and woman?"

It remains only to ask, What is a nice fellow like Elliott Banfield (whose truly Daumieresque portraits have at least an iota of compassion in them) doing in a book like this? □

FICTION

The Red Monarch: Scenes from the Life of Stalin
By Yuri Krotkov
Norton, 253 pp., $10.95

EVEN-STEFAN

D. KEITH MANO

Novelists are authoritarian; also snobbish. Though their genre has been, traditionally, a utensil of realism, nonetheless super-powerful, -rich, -attractive, -talented characters show up on the set more often than not. You'd fetch less trouble getting into Studio 54, than into modern fiction. And the novelist, by temperament, by the *Realpolitik* that comes with authorship, will exert totalitarian influence over his voteless constituency. Josef Stalin, for instance, made up a blockbuster piece of fiction called *Soviet Russia*. Some truth got left in: for those who like the *roman a clef*. But 86.7 per cent was imperial imagination. It's just even-Stefan then then Yuri Krotkov should turn the table of contents on his super-powerful (and super-improbable but true) character, Josip Vissarionovich Dzhugashvili, a/k/a Stalin.

STALIN obsessed Russia. Personality, in a dictator, is more affecting than, say, personality in a president. Somehow you *care* about who-ness when that Who might transfer you next week from Gorki Street to Vorkuta-by-the-Arctic, or from head accountant to head ice-brick layer. Krotkov (he never met Stalin) will say in his preface: ". . . for 35 years I lived with this man, day and night, voluntarily and involuntarily, thinking about him and knowing that my destiny depended on him and his political reasoning." One can ignore a Carter. With Stalin, political awareness was wonderfully enhanced: the awareness that ants have for an anteater. Anyhow, because we know so little about Stalin-at-Home—and, conversely, so much that is apocryphal—he has become well-nigh folkloric: like Merlin or Till Eulenspiegel or things that go bump (on the door) at night.

See how sharp you are: What did Napoleon, Hitler, and Stalin have in common? Yes, everyone laughed at their jokes. But, more significant: each was absolute in an unnative land. Krotkov, who had fixed Stalin the "human being" on his fictional/historical microscope slide, will screw this point down tight: that Stalin was a Georgian "with traits found only among Georgians." Beria et al. were Georgian. (Krotkov, though Russian, was born and customized in Soviet Georgia: it gave him a *passe-partout* at least among light-heavyweight Stalinist officials.) Josip Vissarionovich tolerated the Russian people; he spoke their language reluctantly. This, I suspect, gifted him (and Hitler and Bonaparte) with a certain tactical leverage. All three could look objectively—and without any irking compassion—at the people they would learn to oppress. All three could pass: for Russian, German, French. Yet the people could never quite anticipate their apparently erratic, ruthless style of play. Because those people expected Stalin and Hitler and Napoleon to act in the native context, by native social codes.

YET *The Red Monarch* is, *da*, a very funny book. Certain givens have been attributed to dissenting Soviet humor. First: that it must be, by chemistry, satiric. Second: (the direct corollary of Given #1) that it must be risky: therefore (sub-corollary) at least half-serious in intent. a monolith like Stalin attracts satire because any decent monolith will ascribe all truth to itself. But humor can't stand absolute truth: it revels in difference and not just the difference of dialectic. It has a Panurgic spirit. Every part of the Hegelian formula—thesis, antithesis, synthesis, and around again—is subject to its corrupting influence. Given #3: that, underpinning Soviet satire, there will be some kind of self-mockery: a bitterness or at least a dull resignation: *Our government is ludicrous but still we put up with it and that's not so amusing*. You can sense this uneasiness throughout *Gulag*. Every Russian satirist his own butt at last.

Not Krotkov. His "scenes" are lucid farce: the Josip and Lavrenti act will bust you up: Groucho and Harpo running a banana-peel republic. No wonder Stalin conned the Russians: they were expecting someone from a Chekhov play. The Stalin-Mao interview and the interview between Stalin and Stalin's double are pure totalitarian slapstick. I don't deny Krotkov his moments of poignance or shredding cynicism, but these are—unfortunately—familiar in dis-

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sident fiction. The joyous burlesque was new to me. Krotkov (plus his splendid translator, Tanya E. Mairs) understands what farce is: the exact negative print of terror. Both annihilate reason and order: anything can happen: no guarantees are left for the cornea-frail human psyche to nurse itself on.

Krotkov doesn't impute evil. In that he is probably wise. Stalin the Monster would have been predictable; much less frightening than Stalin the Georgian—a passionate, primitive, unstable, clever lunatic in charge of 200 million inmates. Laughter might seem indecent here; yet *The Red Monarch* is useful, refreshing: more accurate, in spirit, than whatever lame documentation we have on file. Krotkov (and most Russians, I think) dealt with Stalin as they would with a bestial father. In fear, in shame. In hatred. Yet the blood love is still implicit. Too bad they didn't know they were only his step-offspring. □

FILM

HOKUM OF YORE

JOHN SIMON

In their current desperation, movies will stop at nothing—not even at turning back the clock to a time remote enough for the clock not yet to have been invented. As a nostrum against feminism, for example, we have now a spate of pictures about variously invalided young women, rendered weak enough to be sorely in need of old-fashioned male protection. And then there are all-around tearjerkers whose suffering heroes and heroines live in times that have not the slightest lived-in look.

Consider Franco Zeffirelli's *The Champ*, a remake of the 1931 King Vidor movie (rancid even in its own day) in which everything is brought up to date except the film's mentality. We are to believe, in this Walter Newman script, that Jon Voight, a former world-champion boxer, is reduced to being a stableboy at the Hialeah race track, in A.D. 1979, and also an incorrigible boozer and gambler. But ever since his wife, Faye Dunaway, walked out on him to marry a millionaire gerontologist and set herself up as a leading fashion designer (from rags to riches in a few years, perhaps; but from rags to haute couture?), Voight has been bringing up their son, little Ricky Schroder, with the kind of paternal solicitude we have come to expect from a morally untarnished crap-shooting alcoholic.

To complete the film's unreality, Voight has no sex life, keeps the boy spotless inwardly and outwardly, and never speaks ill of the boy's supposedly dead mother, even while he walks horses rather than making a boodle out of TV commercials and, say, a string of restaurants. Needless to say, remarried mother and seven-year-old cherub meet cute at the race track, and Faye almost makes a mint by betting on the filly that the boy won cute. But, while in the lead, the horse takes a tumble and throws its jockey. The horse recovers: they don't shoot horses that are injured cute, do they? On the other hand, or hoof, the miraculously restored horse is not permitted to win another race and make its precocious owner rich: a victory at Aqueduct would mean a defeat at the tear ducts.

I WILL spare you the rest of the story, but must tell you a bit more about Zeffirelli, who, not content with having reduced *Romeo and Juliet* to a kind of musicless *West Side Story*, has gone on to film nauseating biographies of Saint Francis and Jesus Christ. If this great Christian is not stopped in time (as his colleague Pier Paolo Pasolini, whom he resembles in every way except talent, was—albeit in a gruesome way one would not wish on anybody), he will manage to turn every saint in the calendar into a feebly animated waxwork lacking even the simple, primitive piety of an ex-voto. In an early film of Lina Wertmüller's, a bankrupt husband says to his spoiled wife who is nobly simpering about shared poverty, "Your idea of poverty is a garret in *La Boheme* designed by Franco Zeffirelli."

In Zeffirelli's world, a loving father can safely abandon his cute son on a street corner in the shadiest section of town; a mother's love expresses itself through Faye Dunaway's lunging at Ricky Schroder across a bed as if to drag him instantly between the sheets (Miss Dunaway's playing late-blooming mother love as a rampant form of libido doesn't help) and transitions between scenes are effectuated by cutting to a shot of shocking-pink flamingos or a skyful of pelicans (unless they, too, were flamingos—my eyes were too tear-clouded to tell the difference) flying in formation. Miss Dunaway is allowed to give a performance unworthy even of *The Eyes of Laura Mars*; Voight, his talent not entirely dimmed even by *The Champ*, is nevertheless made to speak and behave in dem-dere-dat terms; and precious Master Schroder could lose even his cooking-oil commercials—who wants to cook with syrup? Fred Konekamp, a good cinematographer, is obliged to shoot rigorously color-coordinated backgrounds, even when the locale is a stable or police station, as if he were a fashion photographer gone slumming.

Billy Wilder, the sub-Lubitsch who for years has been purveying a carefully measured dose of sentimentality coated with just the right touch of cynicism—as you bravely swallow the bitter pill you can simultaneously congratulate yourself on your toughness and feel the pill turn to molasses in your gullet—has come up with *Fedora*, which may well be the last gasp of someone choking on bittersweetness. In this script by Wilder and his long-time collaborator I. A. L. Diamond (based on a story by Thomas Tryon, a bad actor turned worse pulp-fictionist), we are to believe that an aging movie star, Hildegard Knef, whose face has finally been bungled by the champion face-lifter, José Ferrer, has turned her own daughter,

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Marthe Keller, into an image of herself with Ferrer's help. Poor Antonia is doomed to enact her mother, the great Fedora, on and off the screen; when she falls in love with her co-star, Michael York (played, in one of the film's many unfunny in-jokes, by Michael York), and would betray her mother's secret, she is yanked off to a life of house arrest in a sumptuous villa on Corfu and watched over by mama and her sinister entourage.

I SHALL NOT continue with this plot, either, except to say that it is full of the kind of spurious high camp and genuine high melodrama that the movies of the Forties could still get away with because, then, those who made this claptrap and those who consumed it still had a particle of belief in it. But idiotic films, though never in danger of extinction, have shifted to fantasies of, say, pod people taking over the country or 13-year-old boy geniuses jollying incurably frigid wives into full-blooded womanhood; and the kind of warmed-up hokum of yore that *Fedora* offers cannot even compete with the authentic old hokum kept nicely refrigerated in the idiot box.

Particularly unpalatable about this movie is the slew of self-serving references to the Old Hollywood and Wilder himself—in fact, the presence of William Holden and the tribute to a Gloria Swansonish movie queen make *Fedora* look like a reel-for-reel *hommage* to *Sunset Boulevard*. But though there is no real sense of contemporaneity ("Acting? That's for the Old Vic," says a supposedly worldly, with-it character, as if the Old Vic had not long since joined Shakespeare's Globe), there is an irritating condescension toward the present; the New Hollywood is dismissed as "a lot of young men with beards and handheld cameras." Matters are not helped by Hildegard Knef's stilted performance as the ancient diva, or by the pretty but unmoving Marthe Keller's exclaiming, with her speech defect at full tilt, "I am not Fedowa; I am Antonia!"

Even worse perhaps is Wilder and Diamond's intellectual sloppiness combined with cheap anti-intellectualism. Thus Holden, now a down-at-heel producer, is peddling a script based on *Anna Karenina* entitled *The Snows of Yesteryear*, a notion absurd for any period of movie history, but especially so now; Fedora, it seems, should have won the Oscar in 1947 rather than that actress who played a nun who gets tuberculosis—even though *The Nun's Story* was made in 1959 and won no Oscar for Audrey Hepburn; and Holden talks, again, about 1947, when "we were filming something called *Leda and the Swan*." No one as intelligent as Holden's character is meant to be would refer to "something called *Leda and the Swan*"—why not "something called *Hamlet*," while we're at it?—and in 1947 there was no way to shoot (as they are shown doing here), fairly explicit sex scenes between a woman and a bird. I assume that such things are meant to show Wilder wittily keeping up with our slapdash times, but they misrepresent both past and present. As Ferrer, who plays the plastic surgeon rather nicely, remarks, "To pump out the stomach, that is easy; the mind, that is another thing." Especially when it isn't there. □

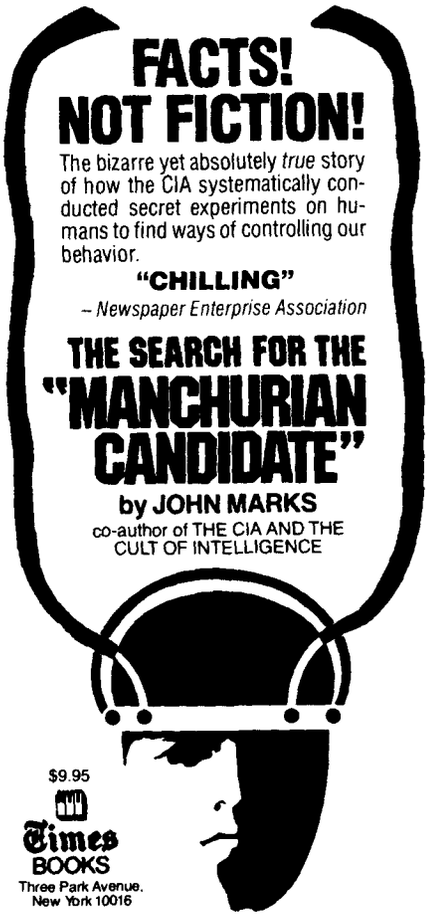
MUSIC

LONG LIVE FAIR ORIANA

RICHARD BROOKHISER

Sooner or later, every amateur singer encounters the English madrigal. The OED defines a madrigal as "an old style of contrapuntal unaccompanied part-song for several voices"; the English specimens of the art were produced in a period roughly bounded by the career of Shakespeare. Like Shakespeare, the madrigal came to be considered uncouth and eccentric; but we have more than made up for this neglect. I would guess that the average high-school choir is now as likely to sing Thomas Morley as Rodgers and Hammerstein. In this context, a small, newly formed amateur group called Vox Humana achieved something of a coup this March by giving the New York premier of one of the English Renaissance's great masterpieces—a 25-madrigal set entitled *The Triumphes of Oriana*.

The Triumphes of Oriana appeared in 1601, dedicated to Queen Elizabeth I. Elizabeth had executed the charming and rebellious Earl of Essex in February, and *The Triumphes* were commissioned for a lavish May Day celebration designed to cheer her up.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The editor of the set was also in bad shape. Thomas Morley, holder of the royal monopoly on music publishing, had been ill for four years. Loyalty or inspiration prevailed over discomfort, however, and he wrote two madrigals himself and found 22 "divers and severall aucthors" to join him.

Several of the period's best musicians did not contribute to the collection; many of the contributors are remembered only by their appearance here. William Byrd, perhaps the greatest composer living at the time, wrote nothing—a silence remarked by his pupil, Edward Johnson, in madrigal #24:

Come, blessed Bird, and with thy sugared relish
Help our declining choir now to embellish.

Morley did get a handful of stars—John Wilbye, Thomas Weelkes, John Bennet, himself; but most of the table of contents reads, even to a music lover, like the membership list of a country cricket club—solid, obscure, and 200-proof English—Carlton, Cobbold, Hunt, Holmes, Marson, Nicolson, Milton (the poet's father). This, surely, is one of the set's attractions—that a nation half the size of New York City could produce two dozen men capable of such work.

ANOTHER OF the marvels of *The Triumphes* is the small compass within which it moves. *The Triumphes* follows a set of technical formulas as predictable as leaves. When satyrs "skip and dance," the music shifts to triple time; when shepherds sing with "high-strained" voice, so do the basses. Vesta descends from Latmos hill on a falling line; nymphs feast on "clotted cream," and the parts bunch in a tangle of unsynchronized rhythms.

The emotional range is as restricted as the musical technique. English madrigals generally deal in two moods—melancholy, and brainless friskiness. *The Triumphes* narrows the focus to one—jubilation.

The birds in their best language bade her welcome,
Being proud that Oriana heard their song.

It is enough, abstractly considered, to make a democrat gag. And this is the third marvel of *The Triumphes*—that we do not consider its conventions abstractly.

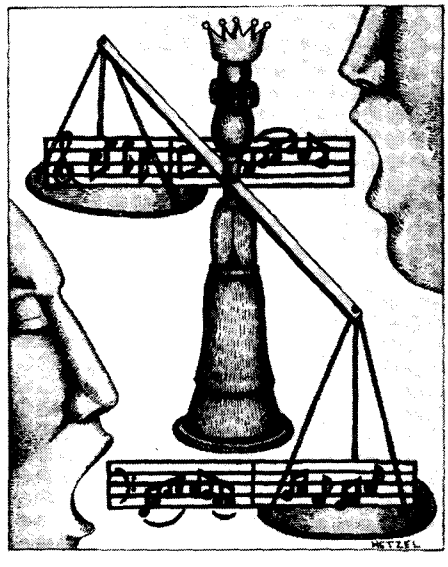
There are, I think, two reasons for this. The first is that the pastoral fantasy world has a great deal of truth in it. Take the case of the pathetic fallacy—birds being proud. Nowadays we either reject the ascription of emotions to animals, or accept it with the understanding that all emotions are animal. The first deadens the world, the second deadens us. The madrigal writer assumes instead a kind of compass, dwelling in each thing in its own degree, generating feeling by its quiverings and turnings. We may dispute the present accuracy of the mechanism, or question the choice of Elizabeth Tudor as North Pole; but surely the Elizabethan is closer to our subjective sensations than modern theorists.

The second cause of our credulity is aesthetic. There are times when even the greatest artists write awkwardly; times when even the second-stringers write well. English madrigals enjoyed a double blessing. The Renaissance covered Europe with great composers—Flemings, Frenchmen, Spaniards, Italians. English madrigalists, partaking of the effloresence, shared their work with poets at a time when words *tingled* as they never have since.

Fair Nais and the nymphs did leave their bowers
And brought their baskets full of herbs and flowers.

It is nearly meaningless; it would be no less wonderful if it were completely so.

To these charms I will add one more—the charm of pathos, of happiness lost or unachieved. We cannot share the world of the men who wrote and heard these songs; in a sense, they did not share it themselves. The hacks who



honored Elizabeth, the courtiers wh carried her May Day palanquin, Eliza beth herself, knew what they were— shrewd, high-hearted, sophisticated; al so devious, violent, vain. The Golde Age would pass; it would never wholl arrive. But they quickened to its pres ence, no less than the birds in their dit ties. And so, in the evening of an age for the pleasure of an old and ailin Queen, a dying tunesmith assemble his peers; and they sang, "Long liv fair Oriana." □

DELECTATIONS

CALIFORNIA SWEET

NIKA HAZELTON

Every March, wine makers, wine sellers, wine writers, wine lovers, and wine hangers-on converge on Manhattan's Four Seasons restaurant for the California Vintners' Barrel Tasting, to sample wines, to enjoy the extraordinary food and service, and to gossip among themselves. There are not actually any barrels at the Four Seasons' tasting. What there are are wines of the most recent vintages, which have not yet been bottled (they come to New York in sample bottles); each of them is to be compared with an older vintage of the same producer's version of the same wine. The Barrel Tasting, now an annual event, was instituted four years ago by the owners of the Four Seasons, Tom Margittai and Paul Kovi, along with Gerald Asher, a San Francisco wine merchant, to acquaint Easterners with the finest of California wines, some of which compare very favorably with their European counterparts.

Until very recently, Easterners were largely unfamiliar with the qualities and the styles of California's newer wines. Thanks largely to the Four Seasons, that has completely turned around. The new excitement and interest in the California vintages is amply witnessed by the fact that more than two thousand people from the Eastern, Southern, and Midwestern United States applied for seats at the Four Seasons, which could accommodate only 225 souls personally and professionally fascinated by wine. And by food—the Four Seasons, for each Barrel Tasting, has created special

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lishes to accompany each group of vines. Here are the courses that went with the wines described below: galantine of squab chicken and sweetbreads with Johannisberg Riesling); a scallop, oyster, and crayfish ragout (with Charlonnay); a trio of sausages (with Gewürztraminer); a clove sherbet; roast amb and fried zucchini (with Pinot Noir); pepper duck (with Zinfandel); duck consommé; medallions of venison and gorgonzola polenta (with Cabernet Sauvignon); followed by grappa soufflé and mignardises, fancy little cakes, for dessert. The food was exquisite, and each dish was perfectly matched to its wine.

The logistics of the whole event, meanwhile, are staggering, and everyone agreed that no other restaurant in the whole country could make it come off so smoothly. For instance, for 225 people to taste 28 wines requires 6,300 glasses. Not even the Four Seasons has that many; so, in order to give the waiters a chance to remove used glasses and bring in clean ones, there were two intervals of 15 minutes each. The waiters then poured the two matching wines simultaneously, and the food came instantaneously to complement the wines. Everything went off with clockwork precision, and the tribute to waiters and chefs at the end of the meal was more than deserved.

We all sat around big round tables in the restaurant's lovely Pool Room, according to a seating order given each diner as we came in (incidentally, I must applaud the Four Seasons for the tact with which they seated their guests). The intervals gave people a chance to circulate, smoke, and drink mineral water. Since the Barrel Tasting is as much a social event as an oenological one, the air was full of the joyous greetings, kisses, slaps on the back, and delicious gossip that occur among people who haven't seen each other in a while.

The wines, apart from the 1978 vintages (not yet bottled for consumers), were as follows: Johannisberg Riesling: Wente 1977; Chardonnay: Château St. Jean, Robert Young Vineyard 1977, Stag's Leap Wine Cellars 1976, Firestone Vineyard 1977; Gewürztraminer: Rutherford Hill Winery 1977, Clos du Bois 1977; Pinot Noir: Robert Mondavi Winery 1976, Hoffman Mountain Ranch Wineries 1975, Souverain Cellars 1974; Zinfandel: Fry Creek Vineyard 1973, Montevina 1975; Cabernet Sauvignon:

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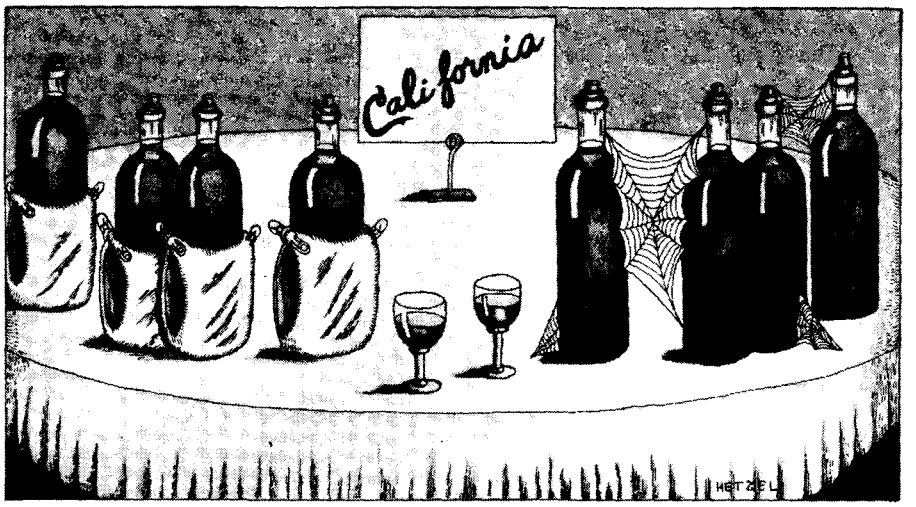

Burgess Cellars 1973, Parducci Wine Cellars 1975, Clos du Val Co. 1973. Each group of wines was introduced by a panel of representatives of each winery. A moderator introduced them and started brief discussions about the difference of styles as well as technical matters.

All the wines were good; some better than others. It was interesting to see how wines of the same grape variety, such as the Zinfandels, differed from one maker to another. The winners, to my mind, were Stag's Leap Cellars' '78 Chardonnay, which could develop into a very elegant wine; Robert Mondavi's Pinot Noirs, both '76 and '78, for which I would say the same; Clos du Val's '73 Cabernet Sauvignon, of which alas there is almost none left, since it is a marvelous wine; and the Rutherford Hill 1977 Gewurztraminer, which is drier than most of the wines from the same grape and very good indeed. Some people at the Barrel Tasting resented the fact that several of the wines tasted are not available outside of California or in quantity. Speaking for myself, I didn't mind this, because the wine makers came to show us what they can do, and they do it very well indeed.

Incidentally, tasting very young wines and predicting their future character is a skill for trained, professional wine people; to most people, young wines are largely inscrutable. Nevertheless, showing both young and mature California wines of the same kind, as the Four Seasons has done at its Barrel Tastings, has made an enormous difference in the opinion professionals hold of California's superior wines. They are now accepted as serious products, as recent changes in restaurant wine lists and wine-shop offerings have shown. The wine lists of the Four Seasons and of the Windows on the World restaurants in the World Trade Center are good examples of what is taking place in our best restaurants.

It was interesting to see that château owners from France and expert tasters from Paris and London thought it worthwhile to come and see for themselves. Their verdict, like ours, was that California wines cannot be ignored any longer. □

BOOKS IN BRIEF

THE STAR-APPLE KINGDOM, *by Derek Walcott (Farrar 58 pp., $10).* Since the death of Robert Lowell, there has been no poet writing in English who combines vernacular and the grand manner so successfully as Derek Walcott. (In fact, Lowell, in his last decade or two, had lost the feeling for this delicate balance, so the Trinidadian poet-playwright has pretty much had the field to himself for quite some time.) What Shakespeare did without any strain, modern poets like Lowell, Walcott, and Neruda do with heroic effort, and the resulting styles are not always as easy to follow as these poets with a passion to communicate must have hoped. In the first and longest of the poems in this book, for example, Walcott uses a device that doesn't work—speaking through the tongue of a protagonist whose bad grammar (in dialect) is a jarring counterpoint to his high-flown rhetoric. Can the speaker who says, "*I stood like a stone and nothing else move/but the cold sea rippling like galvanize/and the nail holes of stars in the sky roof,/till a wind start to interfere with the trees./I pass me dry neighbor sweeping she yard*" etc., etc.—can he say, in the next breath, "*I shall scatter your lives like a handful of sand./I who have no weapon but poetry and/the lances of palms and the sea's shining shield!*"? Perhaps. But in the rest of the poems there is no such tonal switching, no gap between brutal content and stylistic sublimity, as Walcott unfurls his anti-colonialist flag:

One morning the Caribbean was cut up
by seven prime ministers who bought the sea in bolts—
one thousand miles of aquamarine with lace trimmings,
one million yards of lime-colored silk,
one mile of velvet, leagues of cerulean satin—
who sold it at a markup to the conglomerates,
the same conglomerates who had rented the water spouts
for ninety-nine years in exchange for fifty ships,
who retailed it in turn to the ministers
with only one bank account, who then resold it
in ads for the Caribbean Economic Community
till everyone owned a little piece of the sea

. . . and a people were absolved
of a history which they did not commit.

SELDEN RODMAN

THE SECRET BETRAYAL 1944-1947, *by Nikolai Tolstoy (Scribner's, 503 pp., $14.95).* The Western Allies' forced repatriation of over two million Soviet citizens to their Stalinist slavemasters at the end of World War II was a sordid and long-censored episode in both American and British history; it is now fully, masterfully, and at times poignantly recounted by this English-born descendant of Count Leo Tolstoy. Pinning the blame largely on the British Foreign Office's desire to win Moscow's good will regardless of the cost, as well as on the gross callousness of certain Britons ("If these men don't go back to Russia, where are they to go?" Anthony Eden petulantly asked. "We don't want them here."), Tolstoy considers U.S. policy to be far less culpable. The fate of the repatriated Russians was either quick execution (some were shot right on the Odessa docks) or lingering death in the Gulag—for any Russian who had been freed even momentarily from the Socialist Motherland's icy grip under any circumstances (even, for example, internment at Auschwitz) was contaminated with the insidious taint of Western influence. Of continuing significance is the burden of guilt borne by those who reluctantly but often brutally carried out the repatriation decree; it is clear that not only hardened Nazis but civilized Britons and Americans were fully capable of carrying out the most insanely reprehensible orders. DAVID PIETRUSZA

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Dark Horses

M. STANTON EVANS

WITH THE passing of Richard Weaver and Donald Davidson, it appeared that the Southern agrarian tradition in American discourse had lost its last remaining political—as opposed to strictly literary—spokesmen.

Happily, this is not the case. In *A Better Guide than Reason* (Sherwood Sugden & Co., 1117 Eighth Street, La Salle, Ill. 61301; $4.95), Professor M. E. Bradford of the University of Dallas proves himself a worthy successor to the authors of *I'll Take My Stand* and their associates. Like them he is a professional man of letters; like them also, he comes by way of this pursuit to a profound concern for local liberty, limited government, and the sense of rootedness in place and history that are the leading features of the South.

Like Weaver in particular, Bradford concentrates on the interplay of rhetoric and politics; but he reverses Weaver's preference for Lincoln over Burke, contending that the Burkean appeal to precedent and circumstance is more congenial to the American temper than the axiomatic style of the Emancipator Lincoln, indeed, is Bradford's particular *bête noire*, a would-be Caesar out to impose his gnostic vision of "God's Will" on a recalcitrant nation.

In contrast to this top-down mode of rule and argument, Bradford contends, is the traditional Anglo-American resort to common law. An attachment to "grown" institutions was the genius of American as well as English liberty. Bradford glosses the Declaration of Independence, the speeches of Patrick Henry, the writings of Jefferson, and the sentiments of early colonial rebels to prove his point: that the American revolution was not a Jacobin break with the past, but a reaffirmation of ancient freedoms against the innovations of the British.

All of this is right as rain, but merely prologue to the even greater contribution of this provocative book: its scholarly rescue of two of the greatest—and most neglected—leaders in our early politics, John Dickinson and William Henry Drayton. Had Bradford given us no more than these two glittering essays, spelling out the feudal-contractual basis for the American resistance to British usurpations, that alone would have made its publication a major achievement.

Bradford's angle of vision is unique and so challenging that it will doubtless stir controversy even among conservatives (this writer, for one, would dissent from his extremely negative view of Puritan New England). But whatever the reader's conclusions on such points, he can hardly fail to be impressed by this subtly crafted and trenchantly argued volume.

THAT THE deformation of the original American design may grow even worse in months to come is suggested by Professor Jules Gerard, of the Washington University Law School in St. Louis, in *The Proposed Washington, D.C. Amendment*, a monograph published by the Missouri Council for Economic Development (124 East High Street, Jefferson City, Mo. 65101; $3). Professor Gerard examines the pending motion to treat the District of Columbia "as though it were a state," and finds the measure fraught with practical and legal perils.

Though stipulating that residents of the District should have some representation in Congress, the author shows the notion of awarding them two senators to be inequitable and unwise. Washington is smaller than many other American cities which have no senators of their own, and is totally-dominated by the presence of the Federal Government. Electing two U.S. senators to represent the Federal Government in the Federal Government is not, on Gerard's analysis, a good idea. Nor is the prospect of letting seven members of the 13-member D.C. City Council vote to ratify constitutional amendments—as would apparently be the case if Washington gets treated "as though it were a state." □

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LEJEUNE

(Continued from page 681)

warning her not to do what she had promised to do.

Will she be forced to make a U-turn as Mr. Heath was? Less easily, I think, because she is more dedicated than he was to the idea of economic freedom, and because she and her colleagues have learned from his failure. Her Treasury team in particular is resolute, coherent, and "monetarist." The nation too has learned a good deal in the last five years, perhaps making possible now what was not possible then. It will be, at the very least, an interesting experiment.

Britain should become a more useful ally, if not such a cozy one for the Carter Administration. The new foreign secretary, Lord Carrington, although an hereditary peer, is a leftish kind of Conservative; but he is a man of much higher personal caliber than his lightweight predecessor. The armed forces, which have been run down far below the level of safety, will be urgently strengthened, with the unanimous approval of the Conservative Party—a solidarity of support on which the Labor government, with its pacifist and fellow-traveling elements, could never rely. Over Rhodesia, which is crucial if only symbolically, there may be less change than most rank-and-file Conservatives would wish to see.

Margaret Thatcher is not, despite what some commentators have said, a brilliant intellectual: but she is clear-minded and very tough. She is bold but prudent, and she is surrounded by cautious politicians more likely to hold her back than urge her into any rash move.

The very fact that the country's affairs are now at their lowest ebb gives the new Conservative government an exceptional opportunity to catch the turning tide. It just may be that Britain's government, having led the way into the welfarist, collectivist, inflationary mire, may show, under Margaret Thatcher's leadership, that there is a way back. Meanwhile, it is enough that the worse has been averted, that the break has been made, that there is a chance. □

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WM. F. BUCKLEY JR.

Margaret Is My Darling

On The Right

New York, May 8—Not that I am prejudiced. Though the day before the election, I wired the lady: "I AND WHAT'S LEFT OF THE FREE WORLD ROOTING FOR YOU, LOVE." From now on, inasmuch as she is Prime Minister, I shall have to address her more formally. I am practicing. It has narrowed to two choices: "Command, madam, your devoted servant—" or "*Perseverate proelari, Margareta*," which is an ancient Latin saying, roughly translated as "Keep swinging, Maggie."

Let us acknowledge the cliché: "This is the most important election of a generation." That statement is made about every election.

Let us acknowledge the cliché's secondary form: "It is said about almost every election that it is the most important in a generation, but this one truly is."

I venture into an encounter with the third kind: Notwithstanding the usual cant, this one *was* truly vital, and everyone who voted for Thatcher should be as proud as if he had fought on St. Crispin's Day.

Here is why the British experience is important to all of us. For over a generation we have been assaulted—castrated, is probably closer to the right word—by the notion that socialism is the wave of the future. That explanation is given us, sometimes patiently, sometimes impatiently, in those accents of ineluctability that tend to drown out dissent. It is a statement that has indulged those little oscillations between social democracy and Christian democracy in Europe, Tory and Labor in Great Britain, Republican and Democratic in the United States. But it has always been possible for the leftward party to say about the rightward party that its platform is roughly identical to the platform of the leftward party one or two elections back. There is no doubting the truth of the observation. Roosevelt would have considered the Republican Party platform of Richard Nixon as radical beyond the dreams of his brain-trusters.

British socialism, it is widely accepted in the critical world, had no place left to go short of a quantum leap into the ethereal world of the Tribune group, of the Tony Benns, whose défi extends, really, to root concepts about human liberty. We had in Great Britain a government which had turned over effective power to a few militants who dominated a single institution, the trades unions. The trades union leadership represented the best interests of the British workers in the same sense that Carnegie-Morgan-Vanderbilt represented the best interests of American enterprise three generations ago. A handful of men constructed a theology around the paramount rights of labor unions. Under their aegis, the mother of parliaments began to surrender what had been the distinctive feature of political life since the glorious revolution of the seventeenth century: the supremacy of Parliament.

Under the government of Mr. Callaghan, postal workers were permitted to refuse to deliver the mail to a small industry being struck. That was bad enough as political pusillanimity. That it was defended in serious journals was intolerable. The only thing worse than a Hitler on the loose is someone who defends Hitler using the vocabulary of reason.

The British had reached the point where all the conventional nostrums of socialism had been explored. All the relevant industries had been nationalized, producing enduring discontent within those industries. A respect for the immutable rights of individuals was eroding. The cultivation of envy had become institutionalized in bills of attainder against ingenuity, industry, and husbandry.

THE NATION would have been as bankrupt as Uganda save for the discovery—by non-socialist entrepreneurs of oil in the North Sea. Britain's foreign policy was as disheveled as a continuing dialogue between David Owen and Andy Young. The only way to go, if Callaghan had won, would have been gradually to yield power to those arrantly disposed to use it for the sake of transmuting society toward one of those ideological visions that have pockmarked the century in Germany, Russia, China.

There is nothing demagogic about the victory of Margaret Thatcher.

She has to deal with tacky little things like secondary boycotts, repealing sclerotic laws, bringing order to jurisdictional disputes, controlling inflation, acknowledging that Brezhnev is a greater threat than Ian Smith. But behind it all is a commitment to an idea. Here is how she put it on one occasion: "It seems to me that our Christian tradition has bequeathed to politics two great and permanently important ideas, and that almost the whole of political wisdom consists in getting these ideas into the right relationship with each other. The first is defined as the notion that we are all members of one another, and from it the importance of interdependence is learned; the second and equally important Christian contribution to political thinking is that the individual is an end in himself, a responsible moral being endowed with the ability to choose between good and evil."

Evelyn Waugh complained that the trouble with our century is that we never succeeded in turning the clock back a single second. The voters may now have proved him wrong. □

LET US REASON TOGETHER

New York, May 7—Mr. Carter has now officially kicked off a debate that will (quite properly) stretch out ahead of us at stupefying length. It is a debate in which the committed and the uncommitted will ask comprehensive questions, technical, historical, geopolitical, psychological. It would be wonderfully useful if both sides would agree on a kind of internal strategic polemical limitation. Based on President Carter's speech to the American Newspaper Publishers Association, I venture one paramount reform.

It is that proponents of SALT should not use the argument that opponents of SALT are any less anxious for peace than they are. To begin with, there are no psychological reasons to suppose that men like Elmo Zumwalt, or Paul Nitze, or Eugene Rostow, or Edward Bennett Williams, or Lane Kirkland should have any appetite for war. Most people who live on the lee shore of sanity recognize that nuclear war, as P. G. Wodehouse might put it, would be most awfully unpleasant.

Moreover, to suggest that an opponent of SALT opposes SALT because he is indifferent to the risk of war provokes that opponent to furious, and legitimately motivated, retaliation. It is safe to say about Paul Nitze, a brainy man, that he under-

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stands his entire effort in respect of SALT to be motivated by a desire to *preserve* the peace. To be sure, when we talk about preserving the peace—and this holds true for both sides—we postulate peace-with-freedom. Otherwise the arguments are meaningless to begin with, since the only arms limitations absolutely certain to guarantee peace would be the junking of our entire arsenal, right down to our slingshots.

A DERIVATIVE POINT is this: that proponents of SALT should avoid easy generalities about the destruction of America's reputation as a peace-loving nation in the event SALT II were rejected. To begin with, America doesn't have the categorical reputation of a peace-loving nation in the sense of a pacifist nation. We participated in two world wars within the memory of men still very much alive. We fought a war in Korea, we fought a war in Vietnam, we dispatched troops to the Dominican Republic under a Democratic President and to Lebanon under a Republican President. And we dropped two atom bombs on civilians as recently as when Jimmy Carter was an ensign.

Even so, Mr. Carter said to the publishers that if the Senate rejects SALT II, "We would no longer be identified as the peace-loving nation." That statement is a non sequitur, and a highly unverifiable non sequitur. There are enough people in Europe—those of them lucky enough to survive the Second World War—who are agreed on the proposition that what brought on that war, in which thirty million people were killed, was earlier versions of SALT agreements. That is, to the extent that Britain and France enhanced their reputation as peace-loving nations during the Thirties, they encouraged and finally made inevitable a world war. Those people who believe that the Senate's rejection of SALT II suggests a national infatuation with war ought to be persuaded that they are simply wrong. If they cannot be persuaded that they are wrong, the only thing to do is, fatalistically, to ignore them.

Unhappily, that particular bone is going to prove hard to remove from the President's mouth. He is greatly addicted to it, as witness that in another passage of his speech he advised the publishers that the passage of SALT II would bring us the "earned respect of the world for a United States demonstrably committed to the works of peace."

It is a pity that the President, by the looseness of his arguments, encourages conclusions that are objectively fallacious. If an American President takes the public position that the defeat of SALT establishes that the country is being run by Strangeloves, then we can hardly blame the polemical opportunists of this world for branding us as warmongers, citing as authority not the Jane Fonda types, but the President of the United States.

A refinement on the general point leaves one suggesting that Mr. Carter and his supporters should undertake to explain how it is that the Soviet Union does so remarkably well in the international arena given its furious, compulsive, obsessive concern with the development of an arsenal whose logic is as clearly offensive as the logic of the wheel is to turn. How has the Soviet Union, in its drive for military superiority, damaged itself in the bleachers of the world? It is the dominant irony of our age that the only resolutely hostile anti-Soviet power left in the world is the other great totalitarian state: China.

Mr. Carter's failure to observe the indispensable coordinates of rational discourse will not help him to advance the cause of SALT II. You cannot commend the rationality of an enterprise by advertising its merits irrationally. □

DEFEAT OF CLAY, AMONG OTHERS

New York, May 2—*Time* magazine's witty headline ("Defeat of Clay") gives the barebones story: Clay Felker lost control of *New York* magazine in 1976 . . . vowed it wouldn't happen again . . . bought *Esquire* . . . lost money . . . lost more money . . . began giving up stock for money . . . couldn't finally get more financing. . . . A Swedish conglomerate has combined with an outfit in Tennessee that publishes a giveaway ad-oriented, ad-soaked journal for young people, is taking over. . . . "I never even *heard* of the [new owners]," wailed *Esquire*'s ace political reporter, Richard Reeves. . . . New management is expected to transform the mag into a "service-oriented" journal. . . . Lotsa ads.

And not very much journalism.

One reflects on the magazine which, during the Thirties, published Scott Fitzgerald and Ernest Hemingway.

Last December, editor Clay Felker called in a young writer, one of the Roving Editors thus described on his masthead. FLASH! How about a really good piece on the King of Spain? People don't really *know* much about him. Go to Spain. Interview him. Interview everybody who knows him. Interview *everybody*. Get a *good* piece. The writer goes to Spain, spends six weeks questioning the whole bloody Spanish establishment—prime ministers, opposition leaders, dukes, bishops, cardinals, rejected pretenders, taxi drivers—finally The Man himself, threads his way through a marvelously candid interview given off the record. The writer uncovers an incredible historical footnote, heretofore unpublished: Franco got it into his head, not so long before he died, that the Bourbons never really *understood* Spain, so he communicates secretly with Dr. Otto von Habsburg, who, if things had gone differently in World War I, would today be the emperor of Austria-Hungary; and Franco says: How would you like to be the King of Spain? Dr. Habsburg says, No thanks, I'm not much for taking other peoples' crowns, but thanks for asking.

The young man sweats back to New York and in ten days reduces it all to six thousand words. He has spent two months on the story. His expenses come to $2,900. His salary is $830 per fortnight. Add it all up and it comes to about a dollar per word. Worth it? Every penny, I say: but *Esquire* lost $4 million last year, doing that sort of thing; and the new owners are not likely to indulge such extravagant curiosities, let alone cultivate them.

THE YOUNG writer was hired by *Esquire* six months before Clay Felker bought it. He had made a good impression on the editor-in-chief, and, six months after being hired, fresh out of college, he was appointed Managing Editor. He cabled the news of his promotion to his father, who at the time was working his way around the Baltic on a cruise ship as an "enrichment lecturer." The father was very proud, and when he got back to the States, he escorted his son to the most expensive restaurant in New York for a private father-son celebration. On that occasion, the young man, whose loyalties had clearly been involuted by his new responsibility, brazenly advised his father that the fee *Esquire* had contracted to pay for Old Dad's next scheduled piece—was too high! Old Dad mobilized all his reserves of authority, which by all accounts are formidable, and said to his son, "If you pursue this line of discussion, I shall be required to reduce your allowance." Managing Editors are not often exposed to such definitive intimidations.

Where do the writers go, in the ever-diminishing world of serious journalism? The *New Yorker* is still there, thank God! And *Harper's*, the *Atlantic*. The new *Life* runs some, but not a lot of copy; ditto the born-again *Look*. The skin mags buy some pretty expensive fig leaves. And there are the journals of opinion. A generation ago, *Esquire* apart, there was the *Saturday Evening Post*, *Collier's*, *Liberty*, a huge *Life* mag which serialized Churchill, a huge *Look*, which serialized William Manchester.

It may be true that Felker has "Feet of Clay." But the bigger point is that there is less and less space in magazines willing to lay out $6,000 for a *really* good piece about the King of Spain. Besides, where is my son to go now for a job? □

(Washington Star Syndicate, Inc.)

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Trans-O-Gram

By SVEND PETERSEN

DEFINITIONS

A. Author of *Castle Rackrent* — 5 144 129 81 87 118 131 64 39

B. Island group off N. W. coast of Norway — 66 71 161 138 103 45 128

C. Where the Irish adventurer who stole the English crown in 1671 might have been incarcerated — 68 72 65 105 47 8 162 153 111

D. Unorganized ferments — 76 56 34 112 115 157 83

E. How Henry VII of England was known before he became king — 119 135 12 88 28 84 106 57

F. Adding a rider to a parliamentary bill — 125 1 151 140 122 143 42

G. Alcoholic liquor made during the noble experiment days — 21 160 89 101 94

H. One of Louisa May Alcott's books — 100 49 4 22 32 38 59 74 154 120 / 147 13 24 54

I. A fat issue of a news magazine — 50 60 75 92 96 6 9

J. Cutting the Crosby brothers shorter — 113 108 137 149 18 123 90

K. A pithy saying — 133 158 91 14 126 116 156 30

L. One of the signers of *the Declaration* of Independence — 159 31 86 109

M. Calisthenic exercises devised by Walter Camp — 10 23 7 73 69 99 52 121 132 136

N. Another name for Rapa Nui — 29 3 163 58 95 78

O. Something that foretells (unlike the pollsters!) — 77 97 16 37 41 51 63 20 48 70

P. NICK READS IT — 40 17 82 104 134 155 25 166 46 2 / 53

Q. Any chenopodiaceous plant — 62 79 139 167 98 27 146 152 93

R. To become stiff or unyielding — 44 33 124 15 67 127 80 114

S. Plays by infielders in baseball — 55 164 19 35 43 110 130

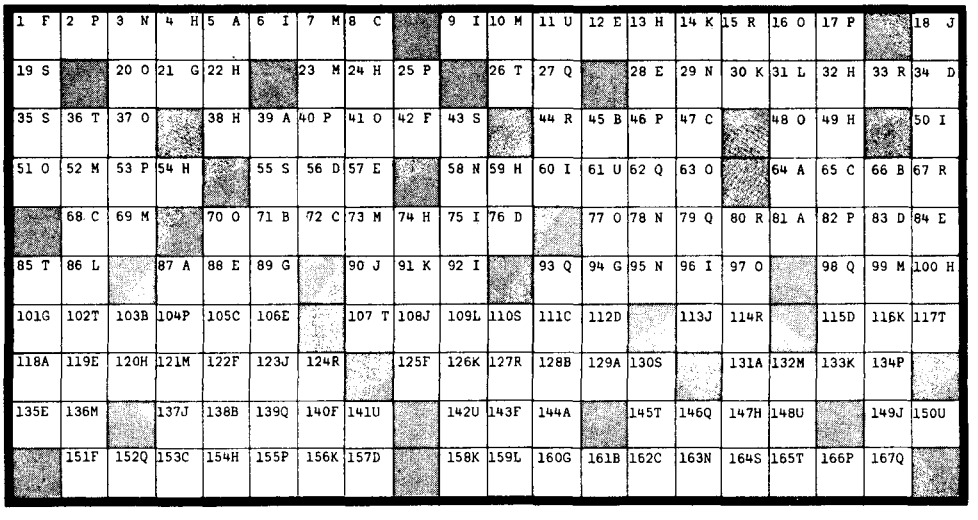
T. The operator of a subway train — 107 165 145 26 85 117 102 36

U. National League outfielder (1883-1890) who wound up preaching every day — 141 11 61 148 142 150

DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill out the puzzle diagram by guessing the words (above) from their DEFINITIONS, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled out it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, black boxes indicating the ends of words); also, when the WORDS have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution. Spelling and definitions on the authority of *Webster's New International Dictionary*, Second Edition.

See page 696 for Solution to last Trans-O-Gram.



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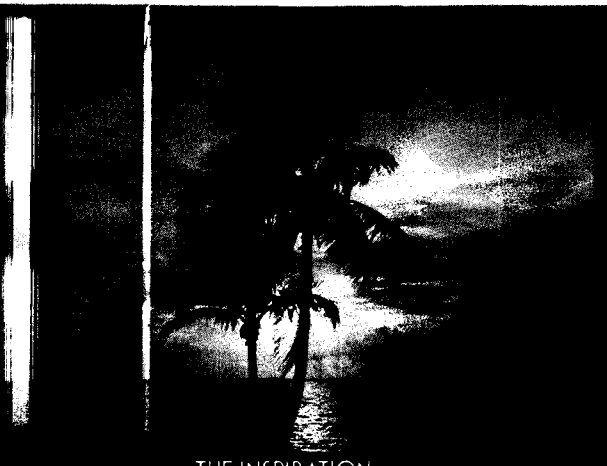

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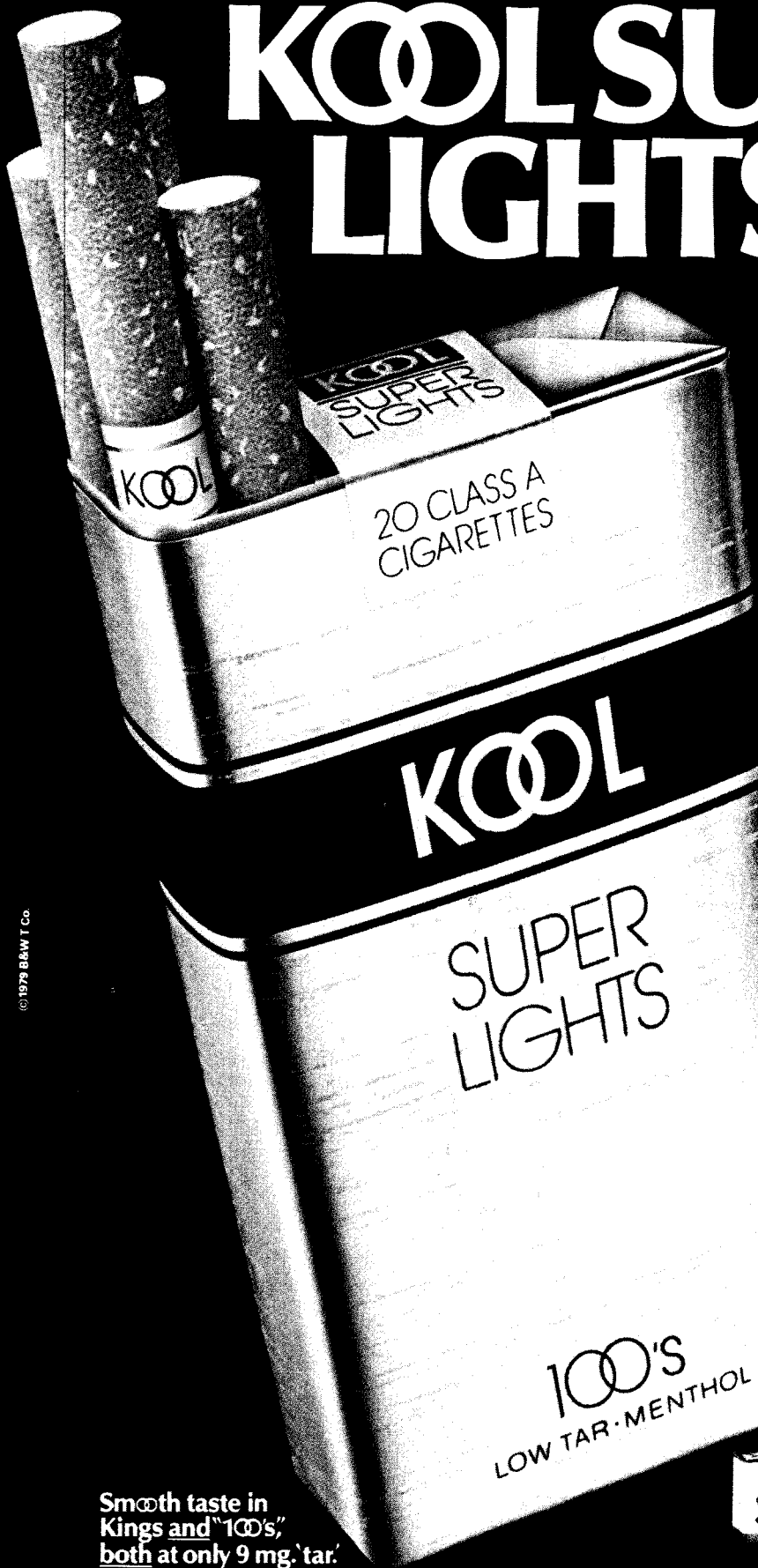

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